SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 22.

THE OLD HOME.

BY C. T.

It sleeps beneath the sunny hill
As in a tranquil dream;
The giant elms are spreading still
Above the meadow stream.

Wild birds that join in music sweet
And quiet sheep and cows
Find grateful shelter from the heat
Beneath those leafy boughs.

All day among the scented grass
The crickets leap and sing,
And green and golden shadows pass
Like swallows on the wing.

How calmly in this sheltered nook
The Summer hours may go,
Yet bright and joyous as the brook
That sings with deep'ning flow!

O world, with all thy cities' pride,
Thy plains and valleys green,
That hast not in thy bound'ries wide
So sweet, so fair a scene!

NAMELESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENKIVEL," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER III.

A HANDSOME house in Eaton-square, furnished with every comfort that wealth could purchase or taste devise, a number of servants assembled in the hall as though to wait an expected arrival.

It was the very same day on which Lord Earl had died—just the hour of the October twilight when his spirit passed away; but there was no other resemblance between the scenes.

Here all was a pleasant stir of bustle and excitement; the new master who was coming had been dearly loved by most of those servants in his boyhood. None of them felt any real regret that the unexpected death of his step-brother and his baby son had made Gerald Carruthers twelfth Earl of Leigh.

"I remember him well," said the old house-keeper, wiping away a tear. "A handsome boy he always was."

"He'll be a middle aged man by now," chimed in the butler, "forty-five if he's a day, Mrs. Bold, and looking older most likely. India plays the very deuce with a man's constitution."

"And he's not married."

"Time enough yet; there's not a young lady would refuse him, the head of the house of Leigh."

A little pause in the hum of conversation for wheels were heard approaching; the butler advanced and threw open the door just as a carriage stopped a moment later, and a tall, soldierly man, whose face was bronzed by exposure to the Indian sunshine sprang from the brougham, and lightly mounted the steps.

He had left that house full twenty years before, a needy younger son, a detrimental, a nameless lieutenant, with nothing to depend on but his pay.

Father, mother, and step-brother had looked coldly on him, because he had blighted their hopes, and, as they thought, shed discredit on them.

And now he was back again, lord of all, head of the family, whose ne'er-do-weel he had once been termed.

But there was nothing of joy or elation in his manner, when he said a few words, in reply to the earnest welcome proffered him.

Those who had known him best felt that a great change had come over him—kind and courteous as ever, but all the hope and gladness had died out of his voice.

"And my mother, Simmonds?" he asked at length.

"The Countess is upstairs in her own boudoir, my lord; she rarely leaves it now."

Lord Leigh walked up the broad staircase; he had no need to ask directions, he knew the room so well.

A lady, beautiful and stately still, in spite of her age and feeble health. The Earl went up to her and took her wrinkled hands.

"Mother."

"Gerald!"

That was all, but the very tone of his voice, the very sound of her reply, told that these two had been very near each other, and that though twenty years had elapsed since their parting—though, through her husband's influence, she had yet sent him away almost without farewell—no one in the whole world was so dear to the Countess of Leigh as this, her only child.

"You are not altered!" she said, fondly. "I should have known you anywhere."

He smiled.

"I am quite a venerable warrior by this time. I assure you I feel so!"

"And you have come home to stay?" eagerly.

"I must, I suppose!" he said, without any gladness. "The Earl of Leigh can hardly remain captain in a marching regiment."

"And you are so glad?"

"Can you expect it? Think of the past. Can an exile dom—can a fortune—atone for that?"

"Money can do much," said Lady Leigh, eagerly; "and you are young still, Gerald!"

He shook his head.

"Money can never atone for what I have suffered, mother. When your letter came I wished I was dead—life had lost its gladness for me!"

She trembled, no doubt from sympathy with his grief; he said no more of the past, but left her to prepare for dinner.

The world of fashionable life opened wide to admit the Earl of Leigh.

He bid fair to be the lion of the coming season; wherever he went he was a favorite.

The grave, earnest man, with his handsome melancholy face, was the object of general popularity.

The question which hovered on all lips was on whom would his choice fall? What blushing beauty would obtain his fancy, and become Countess of Leigh? The Earl little guessed the interest centred on his every movement.

He accepted the civilities offered him with ready courtesy; he went everywhere, where it was incumbent on him to go; he danced, he conversed, he argued, but he never paid the slightest attention to any young lady; he never gave any mother cause to hope that her daughter might become his countess.

"Gerald," his mother said to him one day, with tears on her withered cheeks, "are you never to be happy? Must I never see your wife; never hold your children in my arms! Surely you have suffered enough? Surely for the sake of your name you will marry!"

Lord Leigh turned on her with flashing eyes.

"Never mention that subject to me, mother, if the same house is to hold us!"

"But Gerald!"

"Hush!" he cried, passionately; "I know all that you would say. I know that to be faithful unto the dead is not in man's nature, but perhaps I am different to my fellows. I only know I have not forgotten; I never can forget!"

"It is so long ago," mused the Countess, sadly; "and she treated you very badly!"

"Do not take her name upon your lips!" he said, passionately; "but for your cruelty—but for my father's unkindness—she would have gone with me to India!"

"It was a merciful escape for you!"

"It wrecked my life, if that is what you mean."

That night, in the long silent hours, the Countess could not rest.

A feverish excitement took possession of her, a girl's beautiful face seemed to haunt her; she seemed to hear a sweet despairing voice implore Heaven's mercy, as with a look of unutterable anguish its owner left her presence.

"It was for his sake," muttered the Countess; "such fibs are told every day; if he had been like other men he would have forgotten long ago!"

She had looked forward anxiously to her son's return, but his presence gave her little pleasure.

A bitter pain reigned at her heart when she saw the silent gravity of his face. He was dearest to her on earth, and she had wrecked his happiness just to please her own cruel ambition.

Well, he was rich and noble now, but did it bring him joy? Would he not give up wealth and honor readily for one glimpse of the woman from whom she had contrived to part him at such a cost?

He was always tender and considerate to her save on that much-vexed question of his marriage.

He consulted her wishes on all points, and yet the sight of him was a keen reproach to her, and she would rather he had stayed in India than have lived to see the wreck she had made of his happiness.

Lord Leigh had plenty to occupy his time; there were the papers and letters of his step-brother to be seen to, many to be destroyed; and to this task he devoted himself in his leisure hours.

There had been but little sympathy between him and the dead man, yet there was something painful and repulsive to his feelings in turning over Reginald's private treasures and seeing more and more how narrow-minded and selfish his step-brother had been.

There was little interesting, little sentimental among the memories of the late Earl.

He had been a man of few friendships and scanty affections, but there was one packet in the secret drawer which Gerald at first imagined to be love-letters. It was tied with blue ribbon, and endorsed in his brother's writing.

"To be destroyed."

Some uncontrollable impulse made the Earl break the seal of that packet instead of committing it to the flames, as he had done many others.

A mist seemed to come before his eyes as he saw the contents, for of the six letters which fell upon the table three of them were directed to himself in a hand he had thought never to see again.

A moment's bitter reproach to the dead brother who had misled him—a moment's hungry yearning for the writer of those letters—and then Gerald sat down to read the lines her dear hand had traced.

The first was very simple, just an answer to the note he had sent announcing his departure for India—very short and touching—full of the tender devoted love he had been taught to doubt.

"Take me with you, darling," it concluded "this life of concealment and deception is telling on me cruelly. Oh, Gerald! I cannot stay in England without you; I will be no hindrance to your profession if only you will let me come. I live now in one long fear that our secret will be known; I think sometimes the suspense will kill me."

The second was in a different strain, the writing hurried, blurred with tears.

"Mamma has been so cruel, Gerald. I cannot stay any longer! Dear come to me here at once if you love me!"

And the date of the letter was when he was on his way to India, believing the short, cold note which declared she "was afraid of the climate, and would not think of resigning the pleasures of London to follow a lieutenant in a marching regiment," to be from his love.

The third was a piteous appeal to come to her at once—she had something to tell him. He must come or she should die!

With his heart burning with indignation the Earl of Leigh took up the remaining letters; they were addressed to his mother, and gave him a key to all that had puzzled him.

His heart's best love had been given to a beautiful girl in his own rank—both their families opposed it.

She was betrothed to a man of far superior wealth—he was destined for an heiress. Too much in love to weigh the dangers of the step the two young lovers were privately married in London.

Three months later, when Gerald's regiment was ordered to India, he wrote to his wife, then in the country with her parents, urging her to accompany him.

He never doubted the cruel reply he received was from her.

He wrote again and again, but no answer came; and at last his own mother, in a letter announced, as a piece of indifferent news, that Miss Castilion was dead.

And now—oh, his heart ached as he read the cruel fraud practiced on them both—he had been sent out of the country, believing her heartless.

She had been turned from her mother's house by cruel taunts.

Later on when, in her despair, she applied to his family for news of him, she had been told that the marriage was no marriage—that her unborn child would inherit an endless shame.

For years he had mourned her, though believing her false to him—cold and heartless.

Now, as he read the tender lines—the piteous appeal—the anguish when she learned her wrongs—her bitter anxiety for the little one whose coming ought to have been her joy—his blood boiled within him! He felt he had been mad to believe all they told him—that he ought to have gone to her, and taken his dismissal only from her lips.

And she might be alive. For five minutes that rapturous idea seemed possible. Then he knew whatever else they had lied about the fact of her death must be true.

They had stated it on the authority of her own family. Well, it would have been cruel to wish it otherwise.

What would have been her fate through all these years? He shuddered as he thought of it.

Well, though she had died believing him a villain, he had this consolation—she had been all he once thought her—noble, loving, generous, and true.

He took the papers in his hand and went straight to the Countess. Something in his face told her he knew all, and she quailed beneath his gaze.

"Heaven help me!" he cried, bitterly, "since even the mother who bore me has played me false. I know everything! Deceit can avail no longer. Oh, mother! why did you lend yourself to such a vile scheme? How could you set to work to plan my misery?"

She was sobbing piteously; yet after all, it was a relief. He knew the truth. The weary plotting and scheming was all over now.

"I never thought you would care so much!"

"Not care? Why I loved her as my own life! Do you think I can ever have a happy

moment, knowing she died doubting me. that our child——"

His manhood gave way, then he buried his face in his hands, and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

"Forgive me!" pleaded the wretched woman. "Oh, Gerald! I think I have suffered more than she did. I have never known a happy moment since! When the news of her death came I felt I would have given years of my own life to restore her and undo the past."

"She is dead?" he asked scornfully. "That is not a lie like the rest!"

"She died before you had been two years in India. I was calling on Mrs. Castilion one day, and she was in mourning. She told me that it was for her daughter."

"Ah, she relented then, and went to her."

"No, she told me the news came from a source she could not doubt."

"Do you think she suspected?"

"She never suspected that you were the lover for whose sake that brilliant match was broken."

"He did not grieve. He married soon enough?"

"Within the year; but he did grieve, Gerald. I think it wrecked his life."

"And you know no more? Bah! I am a fool to ask you!"

She clasped her wrinkled hands together. There was no mistaking her earnestness.

"As Heaven is my witness, Gerald, I would tell you all I know. My boy, don't you think it is punishment enough to see you as you are, to know that for all time you will lead a lonely life, and that it is my work?"

"Would it be of any avail for me to go and see Mrs. Castillon? I could at least take her the certificate of our marriage, and clear my darling's memory!"

"Gerald, it is too late! Mrs. Castillon died last year. There is nothing to be done. For your own sake, I wish you had never found those wretched papers. Again and again I implored your brother to destroy them."

"I would rather have seen them. At least I know my darling was good and true; at least, I may worship her in my heart as all my own."

"My poor boy!"

"Did you ever see her?"

"No."

"And this," touching the third letter, "is really the last you heard?"

"Not quite."

"What then? Tell me all. Oh! mother, surely you owe me that."

"When the time was drawing near, when I thought she might be in absolute need of money. I sent her five pounds, I put it in an envelope and wrote inside—'For the child.'"

"Yes—and——"

"The money came back by return of post, endorsed, 'My child needs nothing at your hands.' I knew then that the baby was dead. I think that my punishment began then, Gerald. I had lost babies of my own, and I longed to go and comfort her."

His child, his nameless, disowned child! It pierced Lord Leigh's heart.

He rose abruptly.

"I am going out, mother; I shall call at the place she dated that last letter from, they may tell me a little about her—how she looked and spoke at the last. It's nineteen years ago, and yet I hunger to hear."

"Say you forgive me first. Oh! Gerald, my punishment is harder than I can bear."

He hesitated.

"She would forgive you," he said, at last. "If I am ever to meet her again I must forgive you, too; but oh! mother we might have been so happy and—and—you have spoilt it!"

A pleasant reflection for the old woman whose end was so near—her miserable pride had wrecked the happiness of her only child.

It was easy to find the road where that last letter to his mother had been written; it was one of the many turnings out of the Tottenham Court road, a district which had changed but little in the course of time.

Lord Leigh felt nearer to his lost wife as he mounted the steps of No. 25, and sadly thought how often her weary feet had trodden them.

"I want to see your mistress," he told the servant, and presently a respectable-looking old woman appeared, who, with one glance at his general *tout ensemble* feared terribly her "rooms would hardly be grand enough."

"I do not want apartments, madam," said the Earl of Leigh, with the strange, sad courtesy which had charmed so many hearts. "I have come to ask a few questions on a subject very important to me. I will not keep you long if you will kindly assist me."

She led the way into the front parlor, a little disappointed, but not ill-pleased to have a gossip with such a handsome gentleman, who spoke as though she were a real born lady.

"Have you lived here long Mrs.——?"

"Hales, sir."

"Ah! Mrs. Hales, have you been in this house long?"

"Five-and-twenty years come Michaelmas."

His heart gave a bound.

"Then you will be able to help me. I am anxious to trace a young lady who lodged here nineteen or twenty years ago. I think you will remember her; she was very young and pretty, with brown hair and blue eyes. I think she was alone and—in sorrow."

A light broke on the woman's face.

"I mind her well," she said, almost seizing hold of Gerald's hand in her eagerness.

"You must mean Mrs. Car Lee. Ah! it's many the time her face has haunted me. It was just the sweetest and saddest I ever saw, with a sort of scared look in her eyes, as though she was a hunted animal a hiding from its enemies."

At last he had found a clue.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO is to tell her?"

That was the question which the two men who perhaps, knew more than all the rest of the world of her adopted father's life asked each other.

That, without delay, the girl who called herself Lilian Earl must learn the truth was clear to them; but the kind-hearted soldier and the astute lawyer alike shrank from the task.

"It is Sir Ronald Treviyn's place," said Mr. Martin, at last, very slowly. "Surely the news will be less painful coming from her future husband than a stranger."

The other bit his lip impatiently.

"I tell you, Martin, you have not seen him. He has not a grain of chivalry in his disposition; he is a needy, struggling man, despite his title. When he knows Lilian has no fortune to free his encumbered acres he will break the engagement as easily as you snap a burnt thread."

"I wish you had known to-night, and told him."

"Thank you," grimly. "I fancy I'd rather be excused."

"You see it would be less hard on her if she were here; but staying at the Court, thrown as it were utterly on their mercy, she is completely in their power."

No more was said on the subject of Lilian Earl that night, only when the two friends met at breakfast, the solicitor said, suddenly—

"I am going over to Treviyn Court. It seems to me I have no choice but to bear your cousin's last letter to his adopted daughter."

"I will go with you not to be outdone in generosity; "while you break the news to the poor girl, I may as well enlighten the Treviyns."

The offer was accepted, and by twelve o'clock the two reached the Court, only to be met by the tidings that Sir Ronald had gone to London on business. His mother was in the drawing-room, Miss Earl was in her own apartment.

There was little difficulty in gaining admittance.

Captain Beaumont followed the footman, and a trim maid then took Mr. Martin upstairs.

She was a beautiful girl, almost a child, dressed in simple black, her golden hair gleaming in the autumn sunshine. At the sight of her face he took courage.

She was so lovely that any betrothed would surely pardon her her lack of birth and fortune.

She was so young and helpless, no man could have it in his heart to desert her in her sorrow.

The mystery of her parentage was still unsolved; but, even before she spoke, the shrewd man of the world knew that she was no stray foundling adopted from charity or pity, but the daughter of some house as noble as that to which she had so long been supposed to belong.

He went up to her and took her hand.

"My dear, I was Lord Earl's trusted friend and servant. When he made his will fifteen years years ago he left you to my guardianship; you must let me take what care I can of you, for his sake."

She pressed his hand gratefully.

"You are very kind, but I do not think I shall have to trouble you. Lady Treviyn wishes me to stay with her until——"

"Until you become her son's wife. It is a most suitable and fitting arrangement. When did she suggest it?"

"The day before yesterday, I think, when she first knew of my trouble."

"And she still wishes it?"

"I have not seen her to-day," said Lilian, simply; "the servant said she was lying down, but I am quite sure she is not one to change."

"I must ask you some painful questions," he said, slowly. "Miss Lilian, did you ever hear where you were born?"

No suspicion of his meaning came to her.

"I suppose in France. Papa never cared to speak about that time, I think, because my mother died so soon afterwards. I know I lived with an old nurse until I was two years old."

"Can you bear a great shock?"

"Sir Ronald is well?" said the girl, wearily. "Nothing else can touch me now. Papa and he were all I had. But for him I stand alone in the world."

In perfect silence he handed her Lord Earl's letter.

She opened it at once.

He turned his chair so as not to seem to watch her face. He had not long to wait. In five minutes she turned to him with a bitter cry—

"Oh! Mr. Martin is it true?"

"Is what true, my dear?"

"Wasn't he my father? Wasn't I his own child? Oh! if you knew how happy he made me—how much we loved each other!"

"You were the child of his love—he was your adopted father. But, forgive me, others will tell you if I don't—you are not Lilian Earl."

"But who am I?"

"I do not know."

"He says that you will tell me. He begs me to forgive him for keeping the secret so long, as though I had anything to forgive. He loved me, I loved him. Nothing in all the world can alter that."

"And the letter really gives no clue?"

She shook her head.

"He must have meant to confide the story to me when I came down about the new will," decided the lawyer. "I can only tell you that I know no more than I have said. Your happiness was Lord Earl's chief thought. Unluckily in his anxiety for it he has left you cruelly ignorant of all you ought to know."

"I don't think I can bear any more," she said, faintly, putting up one hand to her aching brow. "I have lost him. He was never my father at all! I think I can realize no more."

"I am told Sir Ronald has gone to London. I regret it very much. I wished particularly to see him. You know, Miss Lilian, I consider you my ward. Unfortunately Lord Earl destroyed his will, and no other can be found. But just the same, I am bound to look after your interests."

"My interests!"

"Don't you see, my dear, the fearful injury the loss of the will brings you. You have been considered heiress of Earlsmere and its revenues. Your wedding portion was to have been fifty thousand pounds, and now——"

"Now I am nameless, and a beggar."

It was the truth. He could not contradict her.

He would never have spoken the fact so plainly, but since she had found out her own position he would not deny it.

"I don't think I mind that so much," said the poor girl, sadly. "I loved Earlsmere dearly, but I could bear the loss of that. It is knowing I never had a right to his love, that I never had a right; even to his name, that nearly kills me."

"It is a frightful change. You bear it very bravely. Few girls would lose such a fortune so calmly."

She smiled wistfully.

"Money doesn't make people happy, Mr. Martin! Papa, I mean Lord Earl, was never happy with all his wealth. If Ronald and I are to be poor, at least we shall have each other!"

"You think, then, the engagement will continue?"

She looked at him with indignation flaming in her blue eyes.

"He loves me; it was myself he sought, not Lord Earl's fortune. Can you think Sir Ronald will mind that I am poor?"

"I think he will be a scoundrel if he does."

Her mood changed then, her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Do you mean that I ought to give him up? Do you think that as things are now I must not let him keep his promise? Should I be a disgrace, a burden to him?"

The lawyer felt a choking sensation in his throat.

"You would be a treasure, a comfort, and I doubt not he will soon come and tell you so. In the meantime I think it would be better for you to return with me to Earlsmere."

"What will Lady Treviyn think when she hears I am leaving her so unceremoniously, after all her kindness to me."

"I will explain matters to her. No doubt she is a lady of common sense, and will understand my motives."

He was sitting facing the window which looked out upon the carriage-drive. To his own surprise he saw Captain Beaumont walking rapidly down the avenue to the waiting brougham.

A strange misgiving seized him that the interview with the mistress of the dwelling had eyed badly; he had no time to even hint such a thing to Lilian, when the door was abruptly thrown open, and a lady entered, attired in rustling black silk.

Mr. Martin bowed to her. Lilian advanced with outstretched hand, but Lady Treviyn waved her back, and addressed herself to the lawyer.

"I have come to request you to remove this young person from Treviyn Court at once. I really do not know how otherwise to designate her, since now that her vile conspiracy is discovered she is practically nameless."

Intense surprise and bewilderment robbed Lilian of speech, but Mr. Martin was equal to the emergency.

"I was even now advising this young lady to leave your house; at any rate, until it was known whether her altered circumstances would induce Sir Ronald Treviyn to break his word."

"His word was given to Miss Earl," said my lady furiously, "not to an unknown foundling, who may be a convict's daughter for aught that we can tell."

"I fancy Sir Ronald is of age. He will probably follow his own way in the matter."

"He will never bring home a wife who has not even a name—who would be a daily, hourly disgrace!—who has deceived him as cruelly and vilely as any woman could!"

The lawyer then turned to the trembling girl.

"Miss Lilian, if you will kindly put on your things at once I should like to return to Earlsmere."

Then, as she came came back ready for the drive—

"Sir Ronald will, doubtless, come there to prove he has neither part nor share in his mother's doings."

Lady Treviyn turned on Lilian with bitter scorn.

"Fool that I was to be taken in! I might have known you were some beggar's child when Lord Earl said you were your mother's image; and I knew you had no feature of his dead wife's face!"

The solicitor had drawn the girl's hand through his arm, but she turned to Lady Treviyn with a last appeal.

"I never knew it! I had no suspicion that I was not what you—what the world thought me! Oh, have pity on me! I have no mother to love me! Remember, you have called me your daughter, and be pitiful—say one kind word before we part!"

But Lady Treviyn drew her dress away, as though she feared defilement in the girl's very touch.

"Pity! I wish you could be prosecuted for the imposture! I believe you knew it all along, and gloried in deceiving us! You won my boy's heart—the memory of you will blight his life! Forgive you indeed! Speak kindly to you! If I could do you any injury I would! You ought to be hunted from all respectable society!"

For the victim's own sake Mr. Martin made no retort.

He almost carried the drooping form downstairs, and placed her in the brougham.

Captain Beaumont had alighted as soon as they appeared in sight, and stood with rare delicacy at a little distance; but when the orphan was seated, the soldier advanced to his friend's side.

"That woman must be a demon!"

It was so entirely the lawyer's own opinion that he bowed his head in accent.

Then he inquired of the servant, who stood waiting to see them off, at what time Sir Ronald might be expected home; and left a message, desiring the baronet to call at Earlsmere.

"I shall walk home," said Cecil Beaumont simply.

Mr. Martin would have gladly done so too, but thought his presence might be some comfort to the desolate girl, and so he placed himself opposite her.

For some time neither spoke; then, when the carriage had entered Earlsmere Park, she roused herself to ask—

"Where are you taking me?"

"Home."

"But it is not home any longer! I have no right ever to see it again!"

"Be a good girl, and obey your guardian" he said, kindly. "I shall be at Earlsmere for a week or ten days; and while I am there you must stay too."

"Mr. Martin, do you believe it?"

"What?"

"What Lady Treviyn said."

"She said a good many untrue things. Angry women often do."

"Should I really be that—a burden and a disgrace. Oh, Mr. Martin, will he think so, too? Can he possibly believe I knew this all along, and kept it from him?"

"Not if he has a spark of manly feeling—and if he could believe such a thing you'd be better off without him."

She did not speak again.

When they reached Earlsmere she went upstairs to her own room; she did not even come down to lunch; she lay on her little lonely bed, looking white and broken—like one of her namesake flowers after a storm of wind or rain.

She shed no tears, uttered no word of complaint.

She had wept bitterly for the man she called her father, but for her home, her name and fortune, she could not weep; she seemed steeling herself into an awful calm as she awaited Sir Ronald's decision. The fearful suspense was almost beyond her strength; she was incapable of thought and effort; she only waited in terrible forced composure until her lover came or wrote.

And for three days he did neither. Dr. West declared him to be still in London, and as they had not got his address it was impossible to send a letter to him. At last the news came that he had returned to the Court, and he wrote a few lines briefly to Mr. Martin, saying that for the sake of his father's friendship with Lord Earl he should wish to attend the funeral.

"I consider your late client has done me a cruel wrong," concluded the baronet, "but I am not willing to cast an open slight on his memory by absenting myself."

So the master of Treviyn followed Lord Earl to the grave, and then returned with the other mourners to Earlsmere. He would beyond the rest, and from that Mr. Martin gather a ray of hope.

"You would like to see Miss Earl?"

"I wish to see her I once thought Lilian Earl, and alone," he said, speaking with painful distinctness.

"You will find her in the drawing-room."

No one announced him.

He went upstairs alone, and entered the room where one week before he had wooed Lilian with passionate love.

She sat in a low chair by the fire, and, to his eyes, she looked more beautiful than ever.

Her deep mourning suited her fragile loveliness, the dreamy sadness of her blue eyes showed that her thoughts were very far away.

Sir Ronald closed the door noiselessly, and came towards her.

He had had a very stormy interview with his mother before he presented himself at the funeral at all.

"He would not surely be so foolish as to throw himself into the toils of that siren; a penniless wife meant ruin to him, and this girl was worse than penniless."

Sir Ronald had answered shortly his future was his own business.

He hardly knew what he meant to do; he was certainly not prepared to marry Lilian before the whole world, but he loved her.

It was not an unselfish love, but it was intensely passionate.

He would not bear the thought that her beauty might belong to another—that the lips he had kissed would be another's property.

He wanted rank and wealth in his wife, but he wanted Lillian, and so, unsettled, wavering as he has never done before, he came into her presence.

He was at her side before she saw him: then she looked up, and for one instant the piteous pleading of the blue eyes made him forget everything in the world but her. He opened his arms, and gathered her to his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Last Good-bye.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

NO one of all the gossips had ever termed Mrs. Churchill a match-maker, nor one to busy herself in the affairs of others.

And yet, had they been able to look within her pretty little head as she was seated, one summer day, in one of the windows of her own dainty boudoir, and glancing beyond it to two figures on the green, sloping lawn without, they would have discovered that, innocent as to all outward appearances she seemed, no less a scheme than match-making occupied her thoughts.

Almost might she be pardoned.

A glance at the two beneath her gaze would plead: but, in reality, it was not these two, suitable as they looked to be in youth, in beauty, and in breeding, that Stella Churchill would have brought together.

Yet there was that about them which betokened they already stood to each other as lovers.

"When will she come to ask me for my congratulations?" thought the little woman who played to them the part of not only friend, but hostess.

"And why can I not give them earnestly? I have always liked Fred Tuxton. He is certainly the handsomest man I know; decidedly the best dancer, too. But he is not worthy of Nina Thornton.

"Why could not it have been Jack Winthorp? He's the only man I know strong and good enough for her. And poor Jack! it's not hard to read his heart. Ah, me! why don't things ever work right in this world? But they do sometimes; for haven't I Burt—dear old Burt—whom I love even as he loves me?"

Meanwhile, down on the lawn, Nina Thornton and Fred Tuxton walked slowly to and fro.

A soft flush mantled the girl's cheeks, and the lovely violet eyes were almost hidden by their jetty fringes.

"My answer, Nina," murmured the man. "Oh, my darling, I am starving! Throw me a crumb of hope."

"A crumb!" she answered then, and lifted her eyes to the ardent, handsome face in whose lines she could read no weakness. "Ah, Fred, has not the whole loaf long been yours?"

Then he knew that the prize he had so madly coveted had passed into his own keeping.

Nina Thornton's love was no light thing; she would never waver in her loyalty.

Henceforth Fred Tuxton might lead his life without a doubt of her who had pledged to him her own.

"Ah, Nina, how you will grace the old home!" he said to her a little later. "It never will have had so beautiful a mistress."

"And you take me to it, all penniless Fred? Strange we have never thought of money—I, of your plenty; you of my lack. But you know that I am poor, Fred; that I have nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Hush, dear," he whispered gently. "I receive so much more than I can give that, with all my wealth, I feel at this moment something like the sting of poverty. And what a bitter sting it must be in reality, Nina! Do you know, as a poor man, I tremble to think how different I might have been?"

"You need not trouble, Fred; you would have been yourself, spite of the world, in which fate, kind or cruel, might have cast your lot."

"For Mr. Frederic Tuxton," said the boy when within speaking distance. "Shall I find him at the house?"

"I am Mr. Tuxton," answered the gentleman, and extended his arm to receive the yellow envelope, so familiar a sight to us all, and to us all, at some time in our lives, a harbinger of woe.

He tore it open indifferently, but as his eye glanced over the folded paper within, his face changed—his color blanched, his fingers trembled.

"My father is dying, Nina!" he said. "I must take the next train for the city," pulling his watch out.

"I have not a moment to lose. Good-bye sweetheart! God bless you! Say farewell for me to Mrs. Churchill. She will understand. I must rush to the stables and mount the first horse I can find to carry me to the station. Stay! Here is my city address," hastily scribbling it on the telegraph envelope. "Write to me daily, and, my love, thank Heaven I take with me your promise!"

There was, however, but one witness to that caress.

But when the girl, half in joy, half in sadness, came slowly into Mrs. Churchill's room, that lady needed not the whispered confidence to tell her how matters stood.

"Keep our secret until Fred's return," whispered Nina. "It scarcely seems real yet. But, oh, Stella, I am so happy—so very happy; and you brough it all about. You invited us here together. I can never forget that."

To all of which her listener silently groaned, for somehow her heart misgave her.

Three days later, old Mr. Tuxton died.

But one short note had reached Nina from her lover, and that written immediately on his return home.

The day of his father's funeral a weighty packet was put into her hand.

A long, closely-written letter fell from the envelope.

She kissed it over and over before she began to read.

"Already he turns to me for comfort," she thought.

What need he had for comfort she soon learned.

Was this her Fred, her lover, who wrote these bitter, rebellious lines?

"Only four days ago, or was it years?" he said, "I asked you to be a rich man's wife, Nina: and I believed that I was speaking truth. On my father's death-bed I learned it was a miserable lie, as has been the life I have lived all these years. Never a hint, never a suspicion, has he imparted to me. Only a death-bed confession lays all bare to me.

"I am a pauper, Nina, but for your love, and poverty withholds from me even that. Every acre we own in the world is mortgaged to its full value. I am poorer than the beggar in the streets.

"Bitter truths for a man to learn who for thirty years has given no thought for the morrow, who has never been taught to work, who knows nothing of business.

"You love me, dear. Yet what a long, hopeless thing our love now must be! And how can I see you endure poverty for my sake?

"Think of it! The dear old home will shelter him and his, and perhaps the very portraits of dead Tuxtons look down upon the coarse revels he may institute there. I must go down to the old place next week to visit him, and see if a shred remains from the garment which once made such a beautiful whole.

"How shall I treat him with common courtesy? To me he seems in some wise responsible for it all, though the true responsibility alone can lie with the dead man in his grave.

"Can you keep true to me for years—long years—Nina? Oh, darling, leave me your love in all this barren waste to which my road so suddenly has led me? Let me hear from you often—often. I feed on every word your letters hold——"

And so on to the end.

Quickly she silenced it, and poured forth her very soul in answer—

"I am ready to be your wife now, this moment," she wrote, "as I shall be ready ten, twenty years hence. I am not afraid of poverty. Let me help you to bear it, or, if it seems harder to you so, I can wait. Only never doubt that I am waiting, and that the love which is my life knows no wavering."

"You may announce our engagement now," she said to Mrs. Churchill, for, so it seemed to her, all men would hold her sacred as already a wife.

And so Jack Winthorp learned the truth.

"I shall go on loving her just the same," he confessed to his dear friend, Mrs. Churchill; "but she'll never be the worse for its unconscious homage, and I'll only be a better man for having loved her. I'd like to help Tuxton, but I don't see my way clear. He's lost everything, poor fellow, and here am I with all this money hanging round my neck like a mill-stone, and can't help either of them."

Weeks passed, and Fred was still in the home of his fathers, not as host, but guest.

A self-made man in very truth was he who had come into its possession, but no vulgarian.

A widower, with an only child—a daughter.

What is wealth worth if it may not buy what birth begets?

And on Grace Maynard's education no money had been spared.

She was her father's heiress.

She was the inheritor of that which should have belonged to him who was her father's guest.

She was young and pretty, winning enough to entrap any man's heart, but Fred's was proof against her.

Mr. Maynard had welcomed him cordially, and with sad hesitation revealed to him the full extent of his ruin.

He was, in very truth, penniless.

"But don't worry," said the older man. "Be my guest for a time. I'd like you to look over the mills with me. Maybe we'll find an opening for you there."

He—Fred Tuxton—an opening in the mills.

No wonder that his letters to Nina grew bitter, as he poured out on paper his mad love for her.

At last! How did it happen?

A hint from Mr. Maynard; an intercepted glance from Grace Maynard's blue eyes.

The heiress loved him.

All yet might be made right.

He yet might come into his own again, yet might lord it in the old halls.

Did it not seem like fate's workings?

And on the other hand, love and Nina—and poverty?

Penniless, how could he marry her?

Had he the right to waste her life and his in hopeless waiting?

And so two letters crossed on the way.

One breathing love, and hope, and loyalty.

One asking release, in pretending for her own sake to give her release.

At the same time a rumor reached her of his devotion to Mr. Maynard's only child. Yesterday, she would have listened without a mistrusting thought.

To-day, in the light of his own letter, it gave it its interpretation.

She was again Mrs. Churchill's guest when it reached her.

Five lines constituted her answer.

With these in her hand, she went to Mrs. Churchill's room.

"Read those," she said, "and—and don't talk to me of Stella. It's all over, but I'm not quite strong enough for that yet."

And so speaking, she fell in a dead faint at her friend's feet.

Meantime, Mrs. Churchill's busy brain was plotting, only this time she had an ally.

"You shall see her when she's too weak to refuse, Jack," she said to her co-plotter. "Once your wife, I'm not afraid of the rest. She shall marry you if only to punish Fred Tuxton for his treachery."

* * * * *

"You're very generous, Mr. Winthorp," was the invalid's answer: "but what you ask is impossible. My love is dead——"

"But I would rather hold it than any other living heart," pleaded the man. "Nina let me save you from the world's comment. I ask only a husband's duties not his privileges. I love you so dearly, dear! Will you not trust yourself to me?"

Only one day there was a quiet wedding in Mrs. Churchill's quiet parlors, and she—Nina Thornton—was the bride.

She scarcely realized it, then.

She scarcely realized it months after.

She accepted Jack Winthorp's devotion in silent apathy.

Nothing seemed to rouse her.

A few weeks after the receipt of her quondam lover's letter, she had heard of his marriage to Miss Maynard.

Since then no one spoke his name to her, but it was ever-present in her thoughts.

She trembled to feel how once more his voice might thrill, his presence move her, although her heart was dead to him.

She had been a wife a year, when one day her husband told her that some member of his firm must sail at once for Europe to be absent six months, and he had been elected the one to go.

"You will not miss me, dear," he said, almost wistfully, as though silently pleading for her contradiction, but her lips were mute. "I have arranged all matters, so that you need have no care," he continued; "and you will write to me now and then, Nina? And remember, dear, I promise there is no possible chance, but if you should need me, one word will bring me back in body to where I leave my heart."

Tears were in his eyes as he bade her good-bye; hers were dry.

That evening she sat at her piano, idly touching the chords, and somehow following Jack in his journey, in the miles he must have already accomplished towards the seaport town from which he was to sail, feeling, too, that the house was empty, and deserted, and lonely, when a shadow darkened the further end of the room.

Had Jack returned?

It was Fred Tuxton who stood before her—Fred Tuxton's voice, which broke at last the silence.

"Forgive me, Nina," he said. "I would not let the servant announce me, lest you should refuse to see me, and I somehow felt it would be easier to live out my life after one glimpse of your face—a changed face I find it, Nina, but even more beautiful in its sadness than of old. It has haunted me every moment since our good-bye; it came between me and my wife at the altar. Sometimes I have thought it would have been better bravely to have faced poverty together than each to be surrounded by wealth, and know only heart-emptiness, Nina, my poor unhappy girl, what can I do to atone for my fault?"

"You can leave me, sir, at once," she answered. "I owe you a debt not of wretchedness, but of gratitude. You have saved me from a cruel fate, and thrust me into a kindly one. Spare your pity for yourself—you need it. I wish none of it."

"Nina, you are happy! How——"

"Because I love my husband: because my husband loves me; because, seeing you, the scales have fallen from my eyes. I thank Heaven he stands in the place I once imagined belonged alone to you."

What had she said?

Her own words came back to her—

"Because I love my husband."

Had they been words merely?

Crossing the room, she threw herself upon a couch.

Worn out with the fatigue of excitement, her eyelids drooped.

Then troubled dreams came to her.

Jack returned.

He bent over her; he kissed her on the lips.

She started up. Was she dreaming still?

For before her stood her husband.

"Don't be startled, dear," he said; "there was an accident on the road. I could not get on until to-morrow. I lost no time in coming back, since the train which would have picked me up starts from here in the morning. Doubtless in your eyes it was folly, but I couldn't resist seeing you once again, when I thought I had said good-bye for so long. It seemed to me almost a providence."

But what miracle had his words accomplished?

"It was a providence, Jack, my husband—a providence indeed. Oh, Jack! I've just found out my mistake! I love you—love you—love you! If you must go to Europe, Jack, you will take me with you? Promise me that the last good-bye has been spoken between us."

But Jack's answer need not be recorded here.

Bric-a-Brac.

HAIR.—The ancient Lacedemonians took off a great deal of their children's hair when they became well-grown lads, to have it trimmed especially against a day of battle, pursuant to a saying of Lycurgus, their lawgiver, "that a large head of hair set off a good face to more advantage, and those that were ugly it made more ugly and dreadful."

PLATE-GLASS.—Plate-glass was discovered in an accidental way, in 1688, by a man named Thevart. It is attributed to the breaking of a vessel containing melted glass, a portion of which found its way under a large a large flag-stone, which, when subsequently removed, was found to consist of a plate of glass. This suggested the idea of casting glass in plates.

CANNED FRUIT.—Some of the scientific papers are publishing an item to the effect that we are indebted to Pompeii for the canned fruit industry. It appears that soon after the excavtions had commenced a party of Americans found some jars of preserved figs in the pantry of a lava-covered house. The contents were found to be good, and during the next year fruit canning was introduced into the United States.

GAS.—The first attempts to introduce gas as an illuminator in the United States were made in Baltimore between 1816 and 1820. They failed, but it was successfully introduced in Boston in 1822. The next year the first gas-light company was formed in New York, the "New York Gas-Light Company." They began operations with a capital of $1,000,000. But the people were so slow to adopt the new illuminator that the company was not in full operation was not in full operation until 1827, when the population was about 16,600.

UMBRELLA POINTS.—The French are indebted for the umbrella to the Italians, to whom it came down as part of the legacy left them by their Roman ancestors. The great seven-storied umbrella of State, plays nearly as important a part in the coronation of the Sovereign of Siam as the Crown itself does in that ceremony in Western monarchies. Though the umbrella is one of the very oldest of human inventions—it is to be found figuring on the bas-reliefs of Persepolis—its introduction into England took place only couple of centuries ago. Jonas Hanway, the traveler, is said to have been the first Englishman who went about with one.

LIFE AND DEATH.—An aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington had at the peace preceding the escape of Napoleon from Elba, gone to Torquay for the benefit of his health, being in an advanced stage of consumption. On hearing that Buonaparte was again at Paris, the captain sent for his medical attendant, and asked him how long, with care, he might hope to live. "With care, several months," replied the doctor. "Several months only," said the poor invalid; "then I may as well die in battle as in bed." He joined his regiment, fought gallantly at Waterloo, received a wound which took away all the diseased part of his lungs, and lived many years longer.

SILK.—The ideas of the ancients upon the subject of the origin of silk were rather vague, some supposing it to be the entrails of a spider, which fattened for years upon paste, at length burst, bringing forth its silken treasure; others, that it was spun by a hideous horned grub in hard nests of clay—ideas which were not dispelled till the sixth century, when the first silk worms reached Constantinople, introduced and cultivated, like many other benefits, by the wandering monks, from thence they were soon imported into Italy, which, for a long period, remained the headquarters of the European silk trade, until Henry IV. of France, seeing that mulberry trees were as plentiful in his Southern provinces as in Italy, introduced silk worm culture with great success.

ABOUT SILVER.—The most celebrated mines of Europe are in Norway and Sweden, and those of Mexico and Peru are in the centre of the chain of the Andes, in the most cheerless regions of perpetual snow: there are mines also in the north of Asia, but none have yet been discovered in Africa. The most productive mines in the world are those of South America and the United States. Native, or, as it is sometimes called, virgin silver, is not only met with in masses, but in large patches, beautifully branching out from the central deposit, or sometimes extending into an entangled net. Herrera, the Spanish historian attributes the discovery of silver mines of Potosi in Peru to the fact of an Indian hunter having pulled up a shrub, and found its roots entwined with filaments of pure silver which turned out to be ramifications from an enormous mass of the metal. Silver is frequently met with in lead ore.

"BEWARE OF ROORBACHS."—Some 20 years ago every polling place in the United States during an important election was placarded with the solemn admonition to "Beware of Roorbach's." The word, as some of our readers may not know, was derived from the supposititous travels of Baron Roorbach, a German nobleman, invented by the Whigs in the campaign of 1844. The extract from this work which was circulated by the Whigs related, we believe, how the baron was interested and surprised, in passing the plantation of James K. Polk, by discovering that statesman in the act of flogging one of his slaves under circumstances, of extreme atrocity. A roorbach, generally, is an election lie of large dimensions and high plausibility, distinguished from other election lies by the circumstance that it is sprung upon the voter upon the eve an election, and too late to be met with a contradiction.

OVER THE SEA.

I am looking back through the days and weeks
That lie in the shadowy land of yore,
And a waking spirit stirs and speaks,
The spirit of dead years gone before.

Speaks with a murmur of mournful sighs,
In a voice that carries the sound of tears,
And, lighting the lamp of its passionate eyes,
It opens the shroud of the buried years.

The wind is blowing up from the wold,
The stars are shining down on the sea,
But the wind is bleak, and the light is cold,
And 'tis only of pain they speak to me.

For the wind once toyed with a silken tress,
And the stars once shone on a saintly face;
And how can a faithful love grow less?
Or a new love take the old love's place?

The sea is swirling up to my feet,
Singing its monody, soft and low;
But the song of the sea is deadly sweet,
For I mind how it slew me years ago.

We have been parted, I and she,
With many a hundred miles between,
And now she was coming across the sea,
(Oh, the sky was blue and the waves were green!)

Coming—and yet she never came!
Meeting—and yet we met no more!
She heard me not when I called her name,
Though the dead might have heard me on that shore.

Oh, love, though my eye but dimly see,
There is hope in my pathway where I tread,
That over the sea thou wilt sail to me,
In the day when the sea gives up her dead.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

ROSAMOND was speedily the centre of an eager knot of partners—would-be partners—and in a few moments her card was full, and two seconds later she was floating round the room to the "Officers'" waltz.

She danced beautifully, as lightly as a feather, as gracefully as a professional; and Allan, who was leaning against a doorway, could not keep his eyes from following the blue dress dancing with the Hussar uniform.

Miss Glen, who paused beside him in a panting condition, not being nearly as fleet of foot nor as long-winded as her friend, interpreted his gaze, and gently said—

"Yes, I see you are admiring Rosie's dancing. Is it not quite a treat to see? She's never put out of step, and I believe is quite too perfect a partner."

"So I should imagine."

"Do you not dance yourself?" she asked, appealingly.

"I? No, only squares, for duty."

"Then why do you come to a ball?" smiling.

"To take old ladies down to supper, and make myself useful."

"I am sure that is very kind and considerate of you," said a familiar voice beside him.

Rosamond, who had paused for an instant in the neighborhood, felt not a little piqued that this man, of all others, for whom she felt a kind of odd attraction, partly because of the strange look of Allan, should avoid her so pointedly, treat her so coldly, so almost rudely, she told herself indignantly.

She was not used to such manners: she was accustomed to find all men her slaves, and she made up her mind that this mysterious young widower should not be the exception.

Later in the evening she was tired, and, excusing herself from dancing the Highland schottische, she and her partner stood round in a circle among the lookers-on.

Glancing behind her she saw a sofa in a niche, and on it, taking no apparent interest in the gay Scotch dance, Lord Kingsford.

He was sitting quite at his ease, leaning back against the couch, one leg crossed over the other, watching, not the dance, for the crowd was standing between him and it three or four deep—no, not troubling himself about the schottische, but watching her.

"What did he mean?"

Acting on a sudden and wholly unaccountable impulse, she walked over, leaving her partner quite unconscious of her departure; and standing just before him said—

"Tell me, Lord Kingsford, what you see in me that you have favored me with so much attention. Do I remind you of any one?"

Lord Kingsford sprang to his feet at once and, with a visible effort, tried to laugh off her question; but he failed to parry Rosamond's curiosity.

She was like somebody, for he looked quite pale and unusually agitated, as he endeavored to evade her sallies.

"You do not deny that you take an interest in watching me?"

"Who would not?" he returned, with a deep bow.

"No, no! I don't want any compliments!" putting up her fan with an imperious gesture; "but I have noticed this, and so has Amy. I am very like somebody you know or once knew, and my curiosity for once is insatiable. Who was she?"

"You can guess!" returned Lord Kingsford, gravely, looking steadily at the beautiful, smiling face before him. How like and yet how unlike the wild rose of Drydd Marshes! This was an exquisite hot-house flower!

"I see, I understand. But then, why do you, or is that the reason you always avoid me, and are sometimes real downright rude!"

"I rude? Miss Dane," coloring. "I'm sorry you should think so. You are not in earnest."

"Of course I am," nodding her head with a smile of decision.

"I am exceedingly sorry. What can I do to—to——"

"Appease my suspicions," she suggested with a smile. "Take me at once out of this broiling room, and get me a strawberry ice!"

Two minutes later they had left the room arm-in-arm, made their way through the crowd.

Rosamond, in a little palmy bower, was eating an ice, with Lord Kingsford in reluctant attendance.

"How stifling that room was! How relieved I am to get away!" she remarked, as she nibbled at a wafer.

"What will your partners say. You seemed to be engaged three deep all the evening?"

"Oh, I'm tired of dancing, and I am not going to trouble myself about them!" she returned, with perfect sang froid.

"Not even about the gallant Hussar with whom you danced three times?" in a tone of ironical incredulity.

"Not even about the gallant Hussar you mention, and one would think you were my chaperone, Lord Kingsford! You seem to have watched me pretty closely. All partners are the same to me," holding out her little spoon.

"If they dance well I look upon them all as so many dancing machines—that's all!"

"And those like me, who don't dance. What kind of machines do you call us?" pulling his moustache, red reflectively.

"Talking machines!" she rejoined, promptly.

"And are there any flirting machines?" he inquired, significantly.

"I really cannot tell you! I know nothing about them!" she responded, resuming her gloves, with much deliberation.

"And never flirted in your life, I suppose?" sarcastically.

"No, never!"

"Nor ever had a love affair or a lover?" with an ill-concealed sneer.

"I did not say that," she returned, as a wave of scarlet dyed her face and neck, and then as suddenly passed away.

"What was there in this man's face and manner that impelled her to him, to tell him things she did not want to reveal, to be quite frank and outspoken, in spite of herself.

"Ah! I see, you have had an experience?" he observed, drily.

"I have. All people have—girls I mean—and I am twenty-two, getting quite old. You are not my father confessor, and I am not going to commit myself any further. It is time for you to tell me a few things about yourself now."

What would you like to know? I am only too much honored."

"Well, really, now you ask me, I can't exactly say. You do not like speaking of your wife?" glancing at him interrogatingly.

"No," in a very unpromising tone.

"But I am like her."

"Yes," becoming pale.

"How long was it ago?"

"Some years."

"I suppose she was quite young—a mere girl, poor thing?"

"Yes," without raising his eyes from the ground.

"And your little boy, you have him, though; and every one says you are a model father."

"Very kind of everyone," he returned, stiffly.

"How old is Tommy?"

"He was four last birthday."

And her child, if it had lived, would have been the same age.

It did not escape her companion that her lips trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and that she suddenly raised her fan before her face.

But in another moment she was as gay and as smiling as ever, and, rising and picking up her bouquet, said—

"I suppose I ought to go back. I've three partners for the next waltz, and my card is in an awful muddle. Don't you ever dance?"

"Never, now,' significantly.

"I suppose you did with her. I ought not to say these things to you, Lord Kingsford," she remarked, apologetically, as she felt his arm, on which her hand lay, give a little shake.

"But I must tell you this; something I cannot account for makes me say these things, whether I will or not. Something made me come and speak to you to-night. I feel as if you were not a stranger, and, besides all this, you have a look in your eyes of—of—somebody," in a very faltering voice.

"Who was that?" he said, pausing abruptly in the passage leading to the ball-room, and speaking in a very odd, abrupt voice.

"Somebody you never have heard of, will never see or hear of, nor shall I. Somebody," speaking in so low a tone that he could scarcely catch her next sentence, "somebody who ruined my life and broke my heart."

"Now, now, Miss Dane," said a cheery voice behind them, "Do you know that this is my dance, and that I've been all over the place hunting for you this half hour? It's nearly done now," in an aggrieved tone; "however, we might get one turn."

So Rosamond was led away, and Lord Kingsford, as he leant in a doorway and watched her dancing, said to himself—

"No wonder she feels as if she were not speaking to a stranger. No wonder she speaks frankly to me.

"Did she but know—and what was that she said, I could not catch it, something about somebody, and life, and heart. She sees a resemblance, so she has not quite forgotten me, not entirely expunged Allan Gordon from her mind, as she did poor Tommy!

"Heaven and earth! what would all the old gossips, aye, and young ones too, say if I were to announce that the pretty Miss Dane, the belle of the evening, the best dancer, the most popular girl in the room, is Tommy's mother!"

CHAPTER XV.

ALLAN and Rosamond met one another frequently during the next month, either at tennis parties, dinner parties, on the roads, riding or driving, and every Sunday on the church steps, weather permitting.

The conversation at the dance had seemed to create a crisis in the relations of Rosamond and Lord Kingsford.

She was becoming more and more conscious of the influence he exercised over her, and yet she somehow did not dare to analyse it.

She was at a loss to discover the real reason of her increased interest in him; her mental attitude towards him amazed herself.

She was astonished that she could again find interest in the coming and going, the words and looks, of any man, after her bitter experience; and yet here was the bare plain truth.

Strange to say, the attraction was not mutual; her new acquaintance never sought her society of his own accord.

He might accidentally be thrown into her company, but that was another matter altogether.

It was to little Amy Glen he paid the most attention, if he could be said to single out any lady in the neighborhood; and Amy (who was a susceptible young person) was elated and enraptured by the fact beyond all bounds.

"I wonder very much," she remarked, rather curiously, one day, "what it is that Lord Kingsford sees in me? I'm not nearly as pretty as you are, Rosie," she added, frankly, "and yet it is to me he always comes and talks, when you and I are out together. Isn't it very odd?" she asked, eagerly.

Rosamond in her secret heart thought it was most unaccountable, and it was not the first nor the twentieth time she made the same mental remark.

The fact was patent, not merely to her own sensitive understanding, but to everyone, and Amy had every reason to boast, "that Lord Kingsford paid her more attention than any other girl in the county." Certainly, it was not of a very demonstrative nature; it merely consisted in sitting beside her at dances, walking with her from church—and this not very often—but for a man like Lord Kingsford, everyone declared that "it meant a great deal!"

Amy's impressionable little heart was touched—very much touched, indeed—for about the tenth time, for she had a great capacity for falling in and out of love! Now she assured herself, and Rosamond too, that she was really, really, in love at last, and that if Lord Kingsford did not care for her she would die of a broken heart.

She was a girl whose emotions were entirely on the surface, and who delighted in analysing her feelings for her own satisfaction and for the benefit of her friend.

When she came to talk to her confidante at night over their hair-brushing operations—when they made long sessions in each other's rooms—she would say nearly every time the same thing.

"Tell me, Rosie, you who have had so much experience, do you think he cares for me?

"Do, do tell me what you think, and I will abide by it."

You see Miss Amy had no reticence and no shyness.

"How can I answer such a question?" was the invariable answer. "He certainly seems to like talking to you, and that is a good sign," smiling; "and if he really does mean anything, and I hope he does for your sake"—this was really, sincerely said, and considering all things, magnanimous—"you will be a very lucky girl!"

"I shall be Lady Kingsford!" returned Amy, exultantly, airing her shoes on the fender, and thinking with a quick accession of color how delicious it would be to take the precedence of all the ladies in the neighborhood.

"I wonder what his first wife was like?" she added, meditatively; "one cannot help feeling an interest in her, poor thing. She must have been quite young. I wonder how long she is dead?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Rosamond, indifferently. "Has he never spoken of her to you during all your interesting tete-a-tete?"

"Never. Indeed, I remark he pointedly avoids the subject. I've thrown out two or three delicate little feelers in that direction but they have all been withered up. He can be very reserved if he chooses, and is not prone to discuss his own affairs. Still I think he might say something about her—who she was—where she died, for we know absolutely nothing about her beyond that she was the child's mother," in an aggrieved tone of voice.

"Well," consolingly, "you know a man does usually make love to his second wife by talking of the first," said Rosamond, looking at her friend with a smile; "and, by-the-by, what does he generally talk to you about?"

"Oh! the weather."

"The weather!" in a voice of profound amazement.

"Yes, there's a good deal of that, and Tommy, and Tommy's pony, and now I come to think of it"—as it struck by a sudden bright idea, "he talks a good deal about you!"

"About me?" echoed Rosamond, pausing brush in hand. "What do you mean. You are joking."

"I mean"—imperatively—"that he generally—yes," nodding her head with her eyes fixed meditatively on the fire, "yes, nearly always leads the subject round to you, and then leaves me to talk about you, just dropping a word or two to keep me going. You know he is not much of a talker himself, and I am," laughing.

"I wonder what possible interest he can find in talking about me?" says Rosamond speculatively. "I think you must be romancing, my good girl," for this statement by no means tallied with her own experience.

Gladly as she would have been friends with him, the attraction, as before stated, was not mutual. He avoided her whom all men coveted. He was the exception that proved the rule, and she felt that this avoidance was not accidental, not imaginary, but quite real.

He evidently disliked her, but why? And why, again, did she repeatedly catch his eyes following her or fixed on her, and instantly withdrawn, as she danced or sang, or sat at her work, or in her seat in church. "She reminded him of his wife, that was it. Her first surmise had been the correct one," she said to herself, as lifting up the poker she began to stir the fire.

"Has he ever said anything to you Amy?" she asked, as she hammered the coals.

Amy, she hoped, had a happy future beginning to open for her.

What a contrast to her own past—a past into which she shuddered to look; and if her help, her sympathy, her friendship, and her money could avail Amy, they were here to command most abundantly.

"N—o," returned that young lady, reluctantly. "He has never said anything that you might not post up in the market-place, that's the worst of it.

"But he is so handsome and looks so nice. I think he looks as if he liked me, and once he said that Amy was a very pretty name."

"He did not ask if he might call you by it, did he?" questioned her friend, who was still harrying the unfortunate fire with very successful results.

"No," with a profound sigh; "I only wish he had, I should have been only too happy to say 'yes.'"

"What is his name—his Christian name," inquired Rosamond, abstractedly.

"Oh!"—rapturously—"such a pretty one, such a charming name, it just fits him. You must guess it. Let me see how clever you can be!"

"My dear child, what nonsense. How could I possibly guess his name unless I wanted to sit up all night, which I don't. What is it?"

"Well, since you wont guess I suppose I must tell you," said Amy, with a certain air of affectionate patronage, and as if conferring a favor of no small value. "His name is Allan."

Clang down fell the poker on the fender, making noise enough to almost wake the dead.

"Oh Rosie! Do take care," she exclaimed pettishly. "You nearly took my toes off, and will have Wheeler rushing in to know what all the noise is about."

Rosie's hair fell over her face as she stooped in silence to pick up the offending fire iron, and she seemed rather a long time in finding it, and her face, instead of being red when she lifted it and tossed her hair back over her shoulders, was simply ashen-white and her lips were livid.

"Isn't it a lovely name?" said Amy, ecstatically. "But goodness gracious!" gazing at her friend in astonishment. "What's the matter? You have not hurt yourself with the poker, have you?"

"No. How could I?" returned the other in a strange, forced, would-be cheerful voice.

How could the world be so small, that this neighbor, this rich, reserved young lord possessed not only her betrayer's eyes—a resemblance to him at times that made her the sport of agonizing and conflicting emotions—but his name as well!

"It's not a common name, is it?" demanded Amy. "That's the beauty of it. You never heard it before, did you?"

"Yes, I have heard it before," returned Rosamond's white lips, almost mechanically. "It's a name"—with a great gasp—"that I never wish to hear again.

"It is a name that I hate," fiercely rising as she spoke, and pushing back her chair. She then took a candle off the dressing-table; without another word, without even the customary good-night kiss, she trailed out of the room in her long, white dressing-gown, leaving Amy sitting at the fire with her hands on her knees, her mouth half-open, gazing stupidly at the now shut door.

"What can there be in the name that makes her look like that?" she asked herself, anxiously.

"I never saw her so queer before. Louisa Brand hinted to me that she was a

girl with a past, and I suppose a man of the name of Allan is mixed up in it.

"Well, any way, it's no affair of mine," murmured this unusually prudent young lady; "my own love affairs take up as much mind as I've got."

But now she understood why Rosamond seemed so hard, so unsympathetic about some things, why she repulsed every eligible suitor, and why she was called the ice queen.

"She looks like a girl who would take a love affair to heart, and never get over it," concluded Amy to herself.

She was very fond of Rosamond, and had every reason to be so; and, although she opened her mind freely and so fully herself, she was aware that her friend's past was a sealed book to her—at any rate, any past that would throw light upon the magic name of "Allan."

Of course she knew of her girlhood at Drydd, of her years on the continent, of her wonderful social successes, of her large fortune, of her intense dislike to Teddy Brand and, in but one degree milder, of Teddy's father, of the cool, unusual relations between her mother and herself.

But she felt instinctively that there was yet a great deal in the background which she did not know, and probably would remain in ignorance of as long as she and Rosamond lived.

To follow Rosamond now, and leave Amy to her foolish dreams of rank and happiness, and not by any means the first of the kind that have taken hold upon her impressionable imagination, we find Rosamond pacing her room as she used to walk in moments—nay, in hours—of frenzy, in bygone days.

"Could he, oh! would he," she asked herself, in a choked whisper, "be a cousin, or some near relation of that other Allan, her perfidious lover, who had disappeared from her life five years ago?

"But Allan had no grand relations, he had never mentioned the name of Kingsford; but then he had probably assumed a false name himself.

"The coincidence was extraordinary; the likeness, the Christian name, they might easily be cousins.

"This Lord Kingsford was ten years older than Allan (the sojourn on the island had aged him greatly, as has been pointed out before); but surely he would have heard of him, and somehow she would sound him in the most delicate, distant, and subtle manner, and without loss of time too. Supposing the Allan who had deserted her were to reappear and claim her now she was an heiress!

"But it was not likely; five years was a long time. He was just a handsome, worthless, young scamp, who had plucked the Rose of Drydd, and thrown it away to wither or die."

The next day, as the two girls were snipping off dead roses in the garden, with chamois leather gloves on their hands, and shady hats on their heads, Amy, whose curiosity was a much more robust article than she imagined, suddenly straightened herself, flung a mass of dead roses into her basket, and with gaping scissors 'twixt finger and thumb, said, in a most matter-of-fact way—

"I wonder, Rosamond, what that lover of yours was like?"

"My lover!" with a terrible start. "You must be mad!" rejoined her companion, from the other side of the rose tree. "What put it into your head that I ever had a lover? You are crazy about lovers!"

"I'm sure you had!" impressively, "because of last night; and I think, when I tell you everything," speaking in an aggrieved tone of voice, "you might tell me a little about him!"

"What has put this ridiculous idea into your head?" returned Rosamond, sheltering herself behind her namesake's. "Are not your own experiences more than enough for you?" with a would-be sprightly air.

"Do you want me to understand, Rosie, or to believe that (coming round the bush) a pretty girl like you has never been in love, or never had a lover?

"Of course you've had dozens, but it has been a one-sided affair! I mean, was there not one of them all, was there not once some one you really cared about? Come, now, tell the truth.

"Oh, Lord Kingsford, what a start you gave me! I'd no idea you were behind me," turning round with flushed cheeks and a rather constrained laugh.

"What a mercy it was," she said to herself, "that she had not been talking about him, for he must have heard every word she said the last two minutes."

"I'm just in time to hear you cross-examining Miss Dane," he said, with a smile. "I have been an unintentional eavesdropper," speaking with much more animation than usual.

"Yes, and she has not given me an answer yet," returned Amy, playfully; "as you have happened to hear so much you may as well hear that too."

"I'm not quite sure that I understood the question," he returned, glancing from one girl to the other; from the smiling, saucy Amy to the pale but singularly beautiful Miss Dane, who, with averted eyes and unusually pale face, was still keeping on nipping off roses; but had any one been watching her trembling hands they would have noticed that, like Death the Reaper, she spared nothing.

"I was asking Rosamond if she had been in love. Of course you know that heaps of people have been in love with her!" laughing exultantly; "but the question is, has she ever cared for any one?"

"You can scarcely expect her to tell you that," said Lord Kingsford, firmly, glancing quickly over at Rosamond, who now looked paler than the white rose in her hand, and who had not opened her lips yet.

"No," she exclaimed, speaking at last in a low, hurried tone; "if I had anything to tell I should certainly keep it to myself instead of blazoning it out in the open air to you and Lord Kingsford, and probably three or four of the gardeners; and at any time and place it is not a subject for joking."

"But I was not joking!" returned Amy, pettishly.

"Then so much the worse," very shortly. "Here, if you like I'll carry in your basket as I can't stand the sun any longer," reaching over and possessing herself of Amy's share of dead leaves; and thus, with a burden of roses on either arm, and without a parting look or sign to Lord Kingsford, Rosamond turned down a shady, gravelled walk, and left Amy and the new arrival alone.

"She is such an odd girl," pursued Amy, confidentially. "Although I tell her everything," spreading out her chamois leather hands, "and she is an awfully nice confidante, and takes an interest, a real interest, in everything, she never returns the compliment, and only speaks of things in a general way. Of course I've heard all about her life at Drydd."

"Indeed," acquiesced her companion, ironically, but the irony was completely thrown away in the present case.

"And about her going abroad, and all that? I've got an idea into my mind," impressively.

"And what is that?" said Lord Kingsford, scrutinizing her with cool intensity.

"That she has had some terrible love affair that has spoiled her life, and that has hardened her heart against all men for ever."

"And why should you fancy this?" again tracing in the gravel.

"Oh, for many reasons. She takes no real interest in any man, she never has a good word for love or lover! I got a clue to the matter last night, quite by chance," confidentially.

"A clue!" he exclaimed, with a slight start.

"Yes, I'm sure I know the man's Christian name. It was, funny enough, the same as yours—Allan. Yes," she chattered on, unconscious of her companion's visible agitation, "I happened to mention your name quite casually"—oh, fie! Amy what a fib!—"and she dropped the poker from her hand with such a crash, and turned so very, very white, I thought she was going to faint."

"Yes. And you think you have a clue?"

"I'm sure of it," decisively, "I asked her if she had ever known anyone of that name?"

"Yes," with a kind of restrained eagerness in his tone; "and what did she say?"

"Oh, she said she had known one Allan once, and that she hated him, and she said it so viciously you would be quite surprised!" added Amy, in a rather awestruck voice. "He must have treated her badly; what do you say?" picking off a rose as she spoke, and looking at him with a coquettish glance from under her eyelashes.

"I suppose she thinks so, any rate" acquiesced Lord Kingsford, in a rather abstracted tone, "and that is much the same."

"Wasn't it funny his having the same name as yours!" she asked, vivaciously.

"Very funny as you say," rather drily.

"I wonder where he is, and who he was?" she added, impulsively. "I wish I know his other name, don't you? I love mysteries."

"No, I cannot say that I share your anxiety," responded her companion, rather coolly. "Why should we attempt to thrust ourselves into Miss Dane's private affairs?" Then relenting, as he met Amy's startled and imploring eyes, he added, "Well never mind, Miss Glen; you may be sure that it's a long lane that has no turning, and if you will only wait patiently, you'll find out this fellow's other name some day. And now, suppose you show me the model beehives you were talking about the last time I saw you? Tommy is so fond of honey that I must get up an apiary; for nothing else will stand his consumption of that article."

And even Amy could take his broad hint that he wished to turn the conversation—"but why?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE opportunity Rosamond sought, was not long in coming and it came unexpectedly, before she had time to frame any set phrases, or to adjust her words.

Returning one afternoon from the village across the fields, accompanied only by "Laddie," she came suddenly face to face with Lord Kingsford on horseback.

He was riding slowly down a lane, just as she was stepping into it over a stile. The instant he saw her her drew up and dismounted, saying,—

"Just in time to be too late, to help you over, Miss Dane. That's a fine dog of yours," alluding to "Laddie," who was leaping round the horse.

"Yes, he is very handsome," she returned; "at least so judges say. I don't know much about it."

"Did you get him here?" putting the reins over his arm as he spoke, and walking beside her—the first time he had ever voluntarily accompanied her since the days of long ago.

"No," in a rather icy voice. "I've had him years."

Not in the least daunted her companion went on,—

"And where did you get him?"

"He was given to me by a——" then she paused abruptly. She was not going to say friend, lover, or husband; so, after a very remarkable hesitation she brought out the word "man."

"Gentleman?"

"I—I—I believed so then," expressively.

"And have had reason to change your mind apparently," he proceeded, looking down at her; but her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she was walking along at an unusual speed, and her face was pallid, and had a set, relentless expression. Suddenly she raised her eyes, and said,—

"Perhaps you knew him? I feel constrained to ask you, impelled to speak of him, though the thought of him turns my brain to fire. His very name scorches my lips!"

"What was his name?" said Lord Kingsford, in a strange voice, bringing his horse to a sudden halt in the shady, high-banked lane, and confronting her with a face as pale as her own.

"I never mention it—never," she returned, in a tone almost inaudible from agitation; "but you are like him, though much older. I saw it at the first glance!" tremulously. "Your name is the same; you may be cousins. I believe his surname was assumed, but he called himself Allan Gordon."

"Allan Gordon! And what was he to you?" asked Lord Kingsford. "Your lover?"

"Heaven help me!" she returned in an agitated whisper. "He did me the greatest wrong a man can do a woman. He ruined my life, and left me! Yes, I see you start. You well may. I am a whited sepulchre among—among other girls. I've no right to be among them, though mine was not the sin!"

"But he married you!" said the other, sharply.

"Aye, but where? No one knows. Where is my marriage certificate? Where all these five years is he?" she asked, excitedly. "At first I thought, I should have gone mad; but I've got over all that now!" in a tone of repressed resentment.

"And now the only feeling left to me is hate! You think the term too strong, I see; but if you had been used as I was—miserable, ignorant country girl as I was—you would understand.

"You wonder; yes, that I, Miss Dane, the heiress, with the world at her feet, do not shrink from laying bare my miserable past to you, and you only. Something makes me do it, in spite of myself.

Something draws you to me! I"—looking him steadily in the face—"can account for both these extraordinary circumstances. You have a vague look of him.

"Do not think that that is a passport to my good graces," with a curious pale smile; "but I've felt instinctively that you are his kinsman—you are his namesake, and I—I—his deserted—can I call myself wife? No!" throwing out her hands, "I dare not call myself that!

"They say he had another. I cry aloud to you to revenge me of Allan Gordon! You look as if you thought me crazy, and you do not answer me; but if you knew how he found me, how he stole every thought of my heart, every atom of love I had to give—and it was much—and how he left me," covering her face with her hands, "you would cast him out from your name and race!" she added, in a choked voice.

"Where did he go? Why did he leave you?" said Lord Kingsford, at last, in a strange tone, and speaking with averted eyes.

"Could he have been tired of me as soon—in ten days, you would say? But he did. He left me to sail for Australia. He landed there safely, and I have never heard of him since. Oh, if you knew how I wearied, and wearied, and waited and waited, you would pity me!"

"I do pity you," he said, "from the very bottom of my soul; but have you told me all your story?" looking her full in the face with troubled, anxious eyes.

"All? There is no more to be told. Was it not enough?" she demanded passionately.

"All?" he re-echoed with visible disappointment. "Nothing more?"

"Nothing more. And now tell me at once, are you his cousin?" eagerly laying her hand on his arm as she spoke.

"No."

"Nor his kinsman?"

"No."

"Oh, then, why have I unbared all my bitter past to you, a stranger!" she exclaimed, frantically. "What a craze has possessed me, to build so much on a look, and on a name; but it will all be sacred with you, I know!" imploringly. "You, and you only, of all our neighbors, have looked into my hateful past!"

"It shall be sacred—most sacred," he said, gravely. "But, once more, were there no extenuating circumstances? Had you no comfort of any kind?" expressively.

"None—none," now weeping. "Would that I had!" her mind going back to the little green grave, whilst his positively reeled, as he thought of the enormity of her falsehood.

"Tell me," he said, after a moment of silence, during which she quietly brushed the tears from her eyes, "why you think that I am attracted to you?—and you are right, I am."

"Oh, because I have a foolish idea that perhaps I remind you of your wife. I've seen you looking at me, as if you saw a very well-known face before you, and yet a face that made you feel a little sad. Am I right?"

"You are quite right," he returned, scrutinizing her quite passionately. "You are very like her."

"Then, she must have been pretty," said Rosamond, coolly.

"She was very pretty."

"And, of course, quite young?"

"As you say, quite young," he returned, immovably.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Rosamond. "It was hard for her to go and leave you and Tommy. I wish it had been me instead!"

"Oh, come, nonsense! You must not say such things," impatiently. "You have the best part of you life before you yet. These mere ideas are absurd. Life is before you."

"No," resolutely. "That is dead—dead and buried. I know," now in quite a different tone, "that I must seem to have made an awful fool of myself to you this afternoon," she observed, "and to be a kind of insane, hysterical young woman.

"I'm very, very sorry now I told you, but something I could not resist, made me tell you of my past, and ask if you knew him."

"There's no harm done, Miss Dane. Your secret is perfectly safe with me, and I like you better for telling me. Strange as it sounds, I have a better opinion of you than I had before. I should not wonder," speaking very gravely, and with his eyes fixed on her face, "if Allan Gordon were to come back some day.

"Who are all these people coming down the lane? A picnic," he added in another tone of voice. "Well, then, I won't detain you any longer. Allow me to help you over the stile. Whoa, Red King, whoa, boy!" to his very impatient steed.

"I shall not forget all you have told me to-day," he said, pressing her hand with a sudden, significant grasp. "When things come to the worst, they mend," lowering his voice significantly. "Good-bye, Mrs. Gordon!"

CHAPTER XVII.

BEFORE Rosamond could speak, could find breath her or wits, the chestnut horse and his rider were galloping down the lane, and she could make no reply.

Mrs. Gordon! How odd it sounded, and it had been her name once, and ought to have been her name ever since.

"Mrs. Gordon," she whispered to herself, with scarlet cheeks.

Yes, her marriage had never been proved; indeed, no strong measures in the way of searching registers had been taken; her certificate was not forthcoming, nor her husband!

She could not identify or name the church, and that was enough for her friends.

Now, all they wanted was the use of her money; and that she would reflect lustre on them, by presently making what is called a great match; but time enough for that.

Some days passed and she saw nothing of Lord Kingsford, although he was the theme, the constant theme, of Amy's active tongue. She shrank from meeting him ever since that interview in the lane, when she told herself angrily she had been quite, quite mad (every time she thought of it), and how, under an irresistible impulse, she had laid bare her heart to a stranger, her face burnt like a flame.

Almost daily she met little Tommy riding his new pony—a tiny Shetland—led by a groom, and though she avoided Tommy's father she did not avoid Tommy, and he and she were excellent friends.

It was no uncommon thing for her to walk a mile beside his pony, or to restrain her flossy chestnut mare's rapid, drifting walk to a pace in accordance with the sturdy, little, short legs of the pony.

Tommy was very fond of the "pretty lady," and told his father a great deal about her, and how he wished he would have her to live with them; a request which his parent received with the utmost composure, but which nearly caused the death of the stout butler from suppressed convulsions.

He and the upper servants had their own ideas about the "pretty Miss Dane" and their master.

What was she so bent on riding and walking and making such a fuss about the child for?—the little Honorable.

There was such a thing as making love to the baby for her sake of the nurse, and they winked and looked knowing, and grinned and nudged each other violently; and, indeed, it would be as well if he were to marry again, they agreed; the house was lonely-like without a lady.

It seemed so odd to see him and the child sitting there at the table alone.

Of course, he had dinner parties—grand ones, now and then—for gentleman; but anyone could see that he was not set on company, and all he cared about was hunting, and Tommy; and he were rare fond of them, they admitted on every occasion. Certainly Tommy was a child of whom any parent might well be proud.

Early hardships, frugal fare, and open air had not stunted his growth; on the contrary, he looked nearer six than four his last birthday.

Poor boy, no one knew his birthday; and his father, for shame sake invented a date, which was duly kept.

He had a very high-born, aristocratic air, this gutter-child; this once ragged little Tommy, whose tender little white arms and shoulders had once borne traces of heavy bruises and red weals.

Mother Nan, "her mark," and these bruises and weals, which made Allan's heart ache to see, were indirectly the fault of the boy's mother, who had so basely deserted him.

For those blows, for these bruises, he told himself he could never forgive Rosamond—never!

It was strange!

Was it instinct? he asked himself, incredulously, or was it human nature, the extraordinary fascination she had for her child, and he for her!

He was constantly taking of her, of the ship she gave him, the flowers she picked for him, of how she kissed him, the pretty lady; he even went so far as to add her name to his prayers.

"Heaven bless father and me, and all our friends, and the pretty lady," and Allan listened in silence.

After all, why should he not, when she was his mother, though both she and Tommy were ignorant of the fact.

And what a striking pair they made—mother and son—he could not help remarking to himself, as he overtook them one evening not far from the park gates—both riding—she on her handsome chestnut thoroughbred, which she reined in with some trouble—as she stooped down, her perfect figure shown to the best advantage in a dark blue habit, and bent over the child eagerly, as he prattled and looked up to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(CONTINUED.)

"IT was an accident," she said, in the same feeble manner, her eyes never moving from their fixed gaze at the grave gentle face, so pitying, so compassionate, bent over her.

"It was that night, you know, the night of the ball. When I reached home, he had sent the servants to bed, and was waiting up for me himself; he had discovered in some way, that I had meant to go with Frank, and we had a shocking scene," even now, recalling it, she shuddered through all her feeble frame. "He was bitter and cruel, and I, oh, I had meant to be more patient! you had said so much."

"You had meant to be patient, to be a better wife," Stephen said gently, as she paused; "but——"

"But he said such bitter things. He taunted me, he said I had disobeyed him, betrayed him and——"

The feebly-uttered words died away on the white parched lips.

In intense eagerness too deep for words they waited; the room was so still that when the low faint voice spoke again the words were audible to one and all.

"And I, resented it, and said I would go with Frank; and, he threw himself between me and the door, and I snatched up the gun which stood in the library, and, we struggled, and, the gun went off—and he—fell!"

A long breath, almost a sob, broke from Stephen Daunt.

How blind and mad they had all been not to think of this! But for the supposition that she had fled with Frank, they must have thought of it.

"I did not wait, to see, if he was, much hurt," she continued, her voice growing momentarily weaker until it sank to a faint whisper. "I was frightened. I ran up to my rooms, tore off my ball-dress, and put on the dress I had prepared for that other flight, and left the house unseen.

"I wonder now how I dared," she went on, her blue eyes wandering slowly around the room and finally resting on Stephen's pale moved face; "but I had got back all my courage and calmness, and I was able to look my peril in the face.

"I put on the thick veil I had procured for my flight, the close bonnet, the great heavy cloak, and I left the house. It was not snowing then; it had ceased."

Again her voice failed, and her eyes closed in utter weakness.

The doctor bent over her hastily, forcing some restorative through the pale lips; it was piteous to see the faint look of reproach which crept into her eyes as she opened them and looked at him languidly, as if to ask why he could not let her rest.

"Yes, yes," she said faintly, as her eyes wandered to Stephen's waiting expectant face, "I will tell you! I did not know where to go at first; but I remembered that the night-mail passed through Lynouth at one o'clock, and I walked there.

"I asked for my ticket in broken English. I went to London; from London I came here. I passed for a Frenchwoman—my mother was French, you know, and, I have been here, ever since."

"How have you lived?" Stephen asked hoarsely, his anxiety for Frank's safety forgotten in his intense pity for the unhappy woman whose sad condition appealed to all their sympathy so strongly that anger and contempt were alike forgotten.

"At first I had money and some jewels," she answered feebly—so feebly that he had to bend over her to hear the broken words, "and I was afraid to go out much; but when I had no more money—I sang—at a cafe chantant—not far—from here. It was a poor place; but I earned enough, and, I dared not go where I might have been recognized."

It was no shame to Stephen Daunt's manhood that his bright eyes were wet with tears which blotted out the beautiful dying face.

She had made no excuses for her sin and treachery—perhaps she felt the sin too deep for pardon.

The very simplicity of her narration make it all the more touching, all the more pathetic.

Doctor Farmer's grave face was exceedingly pitiful; he had been much interested in his beautiful patient; he had divined that she had a story, and a sorrowful one, but had not expected such a one as this.

The handsome careless face of the young official was saddened and compassionate as it bent over his writing.

Lloyd Milner, who had felt that Sibyl deserved punishment and suffering, for all the others had suffered through her sin, felt his lip quiver as he had turned away and looked into the smouldering fire.

Presently, in the silence which followed—a silence broken only by Sibyl's gasping breathing and the scratching of Ernest Levigne's swift pen as it passed over the paper—the old Frenchwoman moved across the room and closed the window.

The movement seemed to arouse Sibyl from the semi-stupor into which she had fallen.

She opened her languid eyes, and almost simultaneously Mr. Levigne rose and approached the bed.

"Will you sign it?" he said gently.

"Must I?" she asked faintly, shrinking as if with terror.

"It cannot hurt you now, Sibyl," Stephen whispered compassionately; and the dim failing eyes rose slowly to his face.

"Nothing can hurt me now," she said slowly; and a faint smile, the wraith of her old imperial smile, flitted over her lips. "Raise me a little!"

They raised her, and she took the pen in her trembling, almost helpless fingers, groping feebly for the paper with the left hand. Stephen saw that it bore no wedding-ring.

"Where—where is it?" she said feebly. "I, cannot see; it is dark!"

With fingers almost as unsteady as her own, Stephen guided her hand, and, as she wrote the last letter of her name, the pen fell from her nerveless grasp, staining the fair white linen.

Mr. Levigne gently drew away the paper; and, as the doctor placed his patient upon the pillows, the others turned to leave the room.

"Stephen, do not leave me!" she said groping feebly for his hand. "She would not mind; she, was, always pitiful!"

And, as the others left the room, Stephen Daunt, pale and moved, resumed his station by the bedside, his heart heavy, notwithstanding his joy at Frank's innocence, for the unhappy woman whose life had been ruined by her own folly, her own sin, and by her mad unreasoning love for himself. If she had sinned, she had suffered.

All through the night they watched her, Stephen and the old woman who had been her kindest friend, and who, while Sibyl lay, half in swoon, half in stupor, told Stephen in a broken husky voice scarcely raised above a whisper, much of Sibyl's wretched story, how she had worked for her bread, singing at the tenth-rate cafe chantant, where alone she felt secure of not meeting any who had known her while at Lambswold or during her own brief season of prosperity.

Even when she was ill and suffering, she had dragged herself thither night after night fearing lest, if she could continue no longer she would lack bread to eat.

How her strength had suddenly given way—suddenly and completely.

She told him too that, when she had come among them first, they had thought that she was mad.

She shut herself up, venturing out only at dusk, and seemed afraid of every strange face.

And she was so beautiful that they had all pitied her and been kind to her in their small way.

And Stephen's heart ached and his lip quivered as he glanced at the white face on which the lamplight fell, so beautiful even now, and thought of what might have been.

Towards dawn Sibyl came slowly out of the stupor which had held her so long, and, moving restlessly, began to talk rapidly, and, though somewhat incoherently, not so much so but that Stephen could understand much of her meaning and could guess much of her past suffering.

His slight knowledge of her childhood, of her mother, a French actress, of the English father whom she could not remember, he having died during her childhood, of the aunt, her father's sister, a strict narrow-minded maiden-lady who had taken Sibyl at her mother's death and given her the education which had fitted her for the position she had occupied at Lambswold, gave him some clue to the meaning of the broken disjointed words.

Now she was with her aunt, rebelling against the strict discipline which was so irksome after the gay careless Bohemian life she had lived with her mother; then she was at Lambswold, or at Rutledge, quarreling with her husband, wrangling with him about Frank and Stephen himself.

Now she was shivering and shrinking in terror from the punishment she so much dreaded, and which had haunted her night and day, and she was begging Stephen to save her from it, and from Sidney, until, utterly exhausted, a deathly faintness overcame her, and she fell back, breathing out her last few moments of life.

The gray dawn broke slowly in the east.

The busy population of the quiet street were already rising to pursue their morning duties.

The old woman who had shared Stephen's vigil softly left her seat, turned out the lamp, and drew up the blind.

Over the tops of the houses the golden gleam of the coming day crept slowly upwards; the eyes of the dying woman opened, and followed it as it came.

"The day is here," she said faintly—"the last dawn I shall see. Stephen do you, forgive me, all I have made, her suffer? for she has not been happy."

"I forgive you fully, she would, were she here," he answered earnestly. "But it is not our pardon you should ask, Sibyl."

"Yours is an earnest of that other," she said, more clearly than she had yet spoken. "Heaven cannot be less merciful than man."

There was a little silence then.

"Poor Frank!" she whispered, her last thought for the man whom she had wronged and who had suffered for her—— "I am sorry—— How dark it grows! Louise, why don't you light—— Ah, it is not night, but death! Louise, you have been so good! Ah, Heaven!"

And so, looking upward into the face of the old woman who had been so good to her with the light of the new-born day upon her face, she died.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I AM sure you cannot see, Sidney. Shall I ring for the lights, dear? Is your book a very interesting one?"

Sidney started, and, turning her pale face from the window, glanced over at Agnes Burton, who was sitting in the firelight, bending over a little piece of crewel-work, all the pretty implements of her occupation spread out about her.

As she spoke she ceased working, and began folding her work and gathering up her silks.

Sidney's eyes came back slowly and rested on the book which lay before her as she knelt, or rather crouched, by the window-seat.

"I was not reading, Aggie," she answered. "Ring for lights by all means, dear, if you want to go on with your work."

"I was not working," Agnes said, smiling, leaving her low seat by the fire and moving slowly across the room to the window where Sidney knelt, looking out into the gray cold March twilight. "It is blind man's holiday, is it not? I feel lazily inclined."

She had reached Sidney's side by this time, and, stooping over the slender kneeling form, put both her kindly hands on the girl's shoulders.

"Are you not cold here, dear?" she asked gently, a great pity coming into her gentle eyes as she looked down at the white, wistful, eager face. "Come to the fire and get warm."

Sidney shook her head.

"I am not cold," she said hastily. "Aggie," she added pitifully, turning away her face from the gentle compassionate gaze, "Stephen said he would come this evening; did he not?"

"Of course, dear," Aggie answered brightly. "He is coming back this evening, and Mr. Milner is coming with him, and little Mistress Dorothy was going to meet the seven o'clock train; and in about three-quarters of an hour," she went on, glancing at her watch, "Stephen will be coming up the drive."

"You think he will come here?" Sidney said wistfully, leaning her head wearily against Agnes as she stood behind her.

"Come here? Of course he will! Where else should he go?" Agnes asked, with a little laugh.

"To Lambswold," Sidney answered, her voice hardly raised above a whisper in her pain. "It must seem more like home to him than—than Easthorpe."

"It must always seem most like home to him where his wife is waiting for him eagerly," said Agnes gently.

"His wife, such a wife!" Sidney cried, with sudden passionate bitterness. "Ah, don't Aggie," she added—"don't try to make it better, dear.

"I know that, whether our lives be long or short, we can never be anything but strangers to each other. How could he ever think of the woman who believed him guilty of murder as his wife?"

"The woman who loved him through all her suspicions," Agnes Burton whispered, pressing her lips to the bright head leaning against her. "Have you forgotten, Sidney, what he himself called such love as that?"

"He will never know," Sidney. "Aggie when I look forward, I see no bright future before us, only loneliness for him and loneliness and remorse for me."

"I see many bitter things, dear," Agnes answered gently. "Come, do not sit here in the cold any longer! How can you give Stephen a warm greeting if you are shivering from head to foot?"

Sidney rose up languidly and moved across to the fire, holding Aggie's hand in hers.

For a few minutes they stood in silence, looking into the warm red glow.

"He has been gone six days," Sidney said presently, "six long days! Agnes, what can be detaining him? Why did he go? I know nothing; I am all in the dark; and to-morrow—to-morrow, the trial begins! I am afraid—I am afraid!"

She clung to Agnes in a sudden fit of terror, trembling in every limb.

The girl forced her to sit down, and, kneeling by her side, took both the little unsteady hands in her firm white slender fingers.

"Dear," she said, "you know as much as any of us know, do you not? You know that one afternoon a letter came for Stephen while we were out driving, and that he started for Paris at once, merely leaving word that he had been called away by a summons he could not neglect, and that his absence would not be of long duration.

"I think, dear, that uncle John has not been here during these six days because he was afraid of raising hopes which might not be realized.

"I know that he has great hopes that our troubles are drawing nearer the end? Why will you agitate yourself so unnecessarily, dear Sidney?

"Where are your faith and trust in the Hand which governs the the world and which does all things well?"

"It is all dark," Sidney answered feebly: "and I am so tired, Aggie. Life has been so difficult a problem to solve that I am weary of trying to work it out. And yet it seems as if nothing would kill me. I must be very strong, I think; I may live twenty, thirty, fifty years even, and how am I to bear their misery?"

"Why should they be miserable?" Aggie I think I could die happy if I could only hear my husband say that he forgave me."

There was silence then in the pretty firelit room.

Neither of the girls spoke for some minutes.

Aggie was sitting now on the rug by Sidney's side, resting her arm upon her knee, glancing furtively now and then at the lovely, sad face which had lost so much of its beauty, but which was lovely still.

Some womanly instinct had made Sidney more careful than usual in her dress this evening.

She wore a long soft gown of mouse-colored velvet, relieved of the throat by soft lace ruffles, while the sleeves which left part of her white arms bare were daintily finished off with softly-falling laces.

Perhaps she had had some thought that her pretty looks soften Stepen's heart.

For six days Stephen had been away from home—six days, during which his wife had had no direct tidings from him.

Mr. Daunt, whose usual daily visit to the daughter-in-law whom he had grown to love, and who loved him with much of the same affection she had given her own father had ceased suddenly, had indeed sent two little tenderly-worded notes, telling Sidney that her husband was well and busy, and that afternoon a telegram had come announcing his return that evening.

That the sudden summons which took his from home related in some way or other to the topic which occupied all minds in Ashford was certain.

Nothing else would have taken him away at such a time; and Sidney had suffered such an agony of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick that she looked frailer, more shadowy than ever.

"Even Dolly seems to have deserted me," she said, trying to speak lightly. "No wonder! Perhaps she guesses what I thought!

"Oh, Aggie, it seems to me that I shall never overcome this feeling of shame and humiliation!"

"You are a foolish child," Agnes answered smilingly, she was a year younger than Sidney, but she had at once assumed the role of elder sister. "As for Dolly, you know she has been busy with aunt Eva."

"I wonder how Chrissie is?" Sidney said presently. "I think of her so often, poor girl; and I always remember how I shrank from her because she accused Stephen. Why should she not doubt him when I—his wife—— Oh, Aggie, Aggie——"

The beautiful head sank now, and tears came plentifully.

Agnes took the slender shaking form in her tender arms, and did not try to stop the tears—she know they would bring relief.

But they had ceased, from exhaustion, when the sound of wheels coming swiftly up the drive struck on the stillness of the quiet room.

Agnes felt Sidney start and shudder through all her frame.

She stood upright, quietly disengaged herself from her friend's arms, and moved forward a few steps; then suddenly she stood still, pressing both hands to her side.

The sound ceased, there were voices without and hurried footsteps, and Agnes moved hastily to Sidney's side, fearing she would fall.

But even Aggie's gentle touch was unbearable to Sidney in her agony of expectation.

A moment of feverish intense impatience she pushed away the tender hands which sought to take hers, and made another step towards the door.

Her strength failed her, and she sank helplessly into a chair, her face, white, eager, beautiful, turned towards the out door.

A minute or two passed; they might have been hours to Sidney in her agony of suspense.

Would they never come? she thought, in her feverish excitement.

Even Agnes was trembling with agitation at the delay, short as it was; and her heart began to throb fast as the drawing-room door opened and Mr. Daunt came in, followed by Stephen, looking haggard and worn and travel-stained.

Agnes moved forward hastily; but Sidney did not stir—she sat motionless, as if carved in stone, only her burning eyes showing that she lived.

Mr. Daunt took Agnes in his arms and kissed her kindly on the forehead. Stephen went to Sidney's side, and looked down at her with grave tired dark eyes in which was a world of tenderness and reproach.

"My wife," he said huskily, his voice giving evidence of his great bodily fatigue and of the suffering and anxiety of the last few days, "will you doubt me now?"

CHAPTER XXX.

MARCH, which had come in with blustering and roaring winds, had gone out meekly as a lamb, and given place to April, with its varying face of smiles and tears.

The pretty ornamental grounds round Easthorpe were donning their bright spring attire.

Lambswold Park was showing all its glory of tender green and strong vigorous young life.

The hedgerows were rich with the fairest flowers of the early spring—the primroses in their lavish luxuriance, the deep blue violets, so sweet and fragrant, the pure white snowdrop in its delicate loveliness. Spring had come; the fairest season of the year reigned over the earth.

The nine-days' wonder was over. The trial of Francis Greville the younger, which had been so eagerly looked forward to and so much talked of, had never taken place.

The necessary formalities had been fulfilled, and he had come forth from the prison a free man, bearing an unstained name, for surely his suffering had removed the stain which his folly had cast upon it—able to look every man in the face, under no obligation of concealment.

That he had suffered, and suffered greatly, was only too evident; his youth was gone never to return.

He was young in years still; yet he moved and spoke with the gravity of a man who had reached middle life, and there were many silver threads in his fair hair, and many a deep line graved on the once-smooth brow.

But, though he was free, and once more able to take his place among his fellow-men Frank's troubles were not yet over; there was still much suffering and anxiety in store for him.

The freedom which gave new life to his sister and seemed to bring her back from the very brink of the grave had stricken his father to the earth.

The sudden revulsion of feeling, the overwhelming joy at the innocence of the son who had been the dearest thing in the world to him, and against whom he had been so bitterly incensed, had been more than his strength, already tried to the uttermost by the stern self-repression he had exercised for so long, could bear.

He had borne the news, the glad tidings of his son's innocence, well and calmly; but, when Frank had come to him with outstretched hands and tears in the smiling blue eyes, he had fallen at his feet in a long and deadly swoon, from which he recovered only to find himself an aged and broken man, with halting speech and trembling palsied hands, who could not bear out of his sight for ten minutes the son who had been lost and was found.

And Frank never left his side, while Christine, growing rapidly stronger in her joy, although perhaps she would never be a very robust woman, shared the duties of the sick-room, happier from the tender look and broken loving words of the father who had always been so stern and cold than she had deemed it possible to be.

Thus it happened that April was well on its way before Frank Greville was able to see his friends and receive their congratulations, and the first visit he paid was to Stephen Daunt at Easthorpe.

He had driven over from Ashford; but he left the dog-cart at the gates, for he wished to walk through the grounds where in the wintry night he and Sidney

"Had met and parted
In bitter tears and woe;"

and his heart throbbed fast at the recollection of that interview and of all which had taken place since then. Spring was in his heart now as well as in the clear sweet air.

On that night there had reigned everywhere the chill and darkness of winter, and in his heart had been the blackness of despair.

Mrs. Daunt was out, the servant said, and Mr. Daunt had not yet returned from Ashford; but he would be in very shortly, if Mr. Greville would wait.

"Yes, I will wait," Frank said; and the man ushered him into the drawing-room, and went out, closing the door after him.

At first Frank thought the room was empty; but, as he glanced round it, remembering how he had stood outside in the heavy falling rain and looked in at Sidney on a past well-remembered night, a lady rose from a seat near the window, where she had been painting, and came forward rather shyly—a tall girl with kind gray eyes and a mass of beautiful fair hair, who held out her hand with a charming welcoming smile.

"Mr. Greville," she said, in a low sweet voice, "I am so glad to see you. You do not know me; but I have heard so much of you that I feel I know you quite well. I am Agnes Burton—Stephen Daunt's cousin."

"Sidney is out," she told him presently, when they had chatted a little while. "She is at the church, helping with the decorations.

"Dolly and Mr. Milner are there also; and I should have gone with them but for a bad cold which has kept me a prisoner."

"And to which therefore I ought to feel grateful," Frank said, with a smile which had almost regained its old brightness.

"I am glad to be at home to welcome you," she answered simply. "I was glad to hear that Mr. Greville continues to improve."

"Yes, he is much better, while the improvement in my sister is little short of marvellous. She was so very ill that Doctor Arnold tells me he had little or no hope of her recovery; now she seems almost well again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Marian's Revenge.

BY CHARLES REED.

"IS Miss Revere at home?"

"Yes," the respectable man servant answered, with all due reverence to the handsome young man, who was generally understood to be Marian Revere's betrothed husband; and Paul Rivington was ushered into the wide, carpeted hall, where a cluster of shaded gas-lights made a moony sort of radiance.

As the servant threw open the double portals that led into the drawing-room, a tall, light figure passed Mr. Rivington—a figure all in sheeny white, with shining brown hair netted up behind, and great hazel-gold eyes, which flashed instantaneously upon him as he flitted past.

Involuntarily he inclined his head to the beautiful vision, but the next instant it had vanished, and he stood in the drawing-room in the presence of his fiance.

Miss Revere was not handsome.

Fine-looking and dignified you might call her, with an impressive bearing, and a certain quietude of manner which betokened that all her life long had been spent "in the purple," but her features were coarse and plain, and there was no liquid light in the clear gray orbs that beamed so welcomely upon Paul Rivington.

Marian Revere was six-and-twenty, and ever since her first introduction into society, she had held herself aloof from the butterfly throng, dreading the covetous designs of the fortune-hunters, for Marian was both an orphan and an heiress.

But the frosty barrier had fallen at last, and Marian had promised herself in marriage to Paul Rivington, the one faultless man in all the world to her fond eyes.

"He loves me for myself alone," Marian whispered to her heart. "With the buckler of his love around me, I need fear no further ill."

"Who was the fair apparition that flitted by me in the hall?" Mr. Rivington asked, when the first fond greetings were over, and Marian sat beside him on the damask-cushioned sofa. "I could almost imagine it was an optical delusion but for the rustling of her garments."

"Was she not beautiful?" cried Marian, enthusiastically. "It is my companion, Paul, Flora Southwick."

"Your companion?"

"A new idea, isn't it?" laughed Marian. "She is a distant relative, left homeless and friendless by the reverses of fortune, and as I was all alone, I asked her to come and stay with me."

"Like my own generous Marian," said the young man, with admiring eyes.

"No, Paul, you must not praise me for what was, after all, but an act of the merest selfishness," Marian responded, with scarlet cheeks and luminous eyes. "Yes, Flora, come in," in answer to a soft tap at the door. "I want you and Paul to be friends."

And Paul bowed courteously to the slight, lovely creature with the wealth of shiny hair, and the hazel-gold eyes, whose glitter he could hardly see through their drooping lids of snow.

She dazzled him, this beautiful blonde, with her graceful ways, and shy, sidelong glances.

Marian had never seemed half so coarse and ordinary as now, standing at Miss Southwick's side.

Why could not Flora have been the heiress and Marian some village girl, contented to plod on in the homely sphere of everyday toil and duty? Why must nature contradict herself in such anomalies as this?

Paul turned these things over in his mind as he walked along the star-lighted streets, and he could find no answer to the riddle.

Day after day Miss Southwick's marvellous beauty glittered on him from Marian Revere's side; day by day she continued to meet him on the stairs, in the street, in all manner of unexpected places, herself prettily confused and surprised at the frequency of their encounters.

"I believe you try to meet me on purpose," she said, one day, throwing back the snowy plumes of her pretty little velvet chapeau.

"Do you wonder at it?" he gallantly answered, turning to walk at her side.

"But you are engaged to marry my Marian."

"Well, what then? Need that fact necessarily prevent our friendship.

She gave him one of the bewildering, sidelong glances, which were like flashes of lightning.

"That is just as you yourself think about it," she answered.

Marian sat alone in her boudoir that afternoon, her bonnet and wrappings all on, vainly waiting for Paul's promised appearance, to take her out for a drive; but the sunset had long died out when he finally made his appearance.

"I am so sorry you have been disappointed," he said, in answer to her inquiring look; "but business detained me. You know we men are never quite our own masters."

Business indeed! The handsome pair of bay horses which had borne him and Flora Southwick through the park, the marble-paved hall where they had sipped champagne and eaten perfumed ices, could, perchance, have told a different tale.

"And you, too, Flora, have left me all alone," she said, with half reproachful fondness, as her beautiful companion entered from another door.

"Dear Marian, you have missed me?" cooed the pleading voice. "But I have been sitting with a widowed friend, and could hardly tear myself away at the last." Marian pressed the little soft hand in hers.

"Never mind, dear: I do not mean to be tyrannical or exacting, but somehow you have accustomed me to the sweetness and fascination of your presence."

And Flora sat smiling by, and listened to the words which came from the depths of her friend's heart, and felt not one pang of remorse to pierce her own.

* * * * *

"But you love me, Paul—you know you love me!"

Flora's hand was on Mr. Rivington's arm, her liquid eyes glittering into his.

"Darling, I know it, but what is a man to do? I must marry rich, or I am a ruined man! Debt is pursuing me on every side—my creditors are watching and dogging me like so many spies.

"I do love you; you are the queen of my inmost heart and affections, but you must see what madness it would be for us to marry. Your beauty cannot fail to win you wealth, and I am not my own master. Be reasonable, dearest—view these matters from a common-sense point. Nay, don't break my heart with tears in those radiant eyes—the eyes that are the lode-stone of my life."

"But tell me that you love me better than you do Marian Revere," still insisted Flora, with the unreasoning importunity of a spoiled child.

"As if I ever cared for her. Will it satisfy you, Flora, to know that I never felt the sacred flame of love until your sweet eyes inspired it in my heart."

Flora Southwick drew a long breath.

"That is some compensation, at least," she sighed. "Why, Paul—Paul, why has fate lettered us so cruelly?"

And they walked on past the hedge of starry jessamine in the half-lighted conservatory, from behind which they had had an unseen auditress, with a face of deadly whiteness, and one hand pressed tightly against her heart.

Marian Revere had heard every word. And the wedding day to which she had looked forward with such a wealth of joyous anticipation was but three days off.

"Is your headache very bad, dear Marian? Do let me come in and bathe your temples with cologne."

"Not now, Flora," Miss Revere's low voice answered from behind the panels of the door which divided the two. "I am better alone for a little while."

"But I can't bear to think of you suffering, wretched," cooed the sweet, seductive voice.

"You are very kind," Marian answered, composedly, "but perfect quiet can only avail me for the present. Go and entertain Mr. Rivington in the drawing-room."

"He doesn't care for me," pouted Flora. But she went, nevertheless.

Could she have possessed the gift of second sight, and peeped through the solid rosewood of the door, she would have perceived that Miss Revere was not lying on the sofa, or resting her head away down behind pillows. She was kneeling on the floor beside an open trunk.

* * * * * *

The wedding day came—all glow and sunshine, and gleams of April brightness—and the clock was just striking ten as the bridegroom's carriage swept up to the door.

"Is she ready?" he asked, eagerly. "The church is nearly filled already. I saw the crowd around the doors as I passed by."

"I will go up and see," said Flora Southwick, who was drawing on her white gloves, frilled inch deep with costly *point d'Alencon* lace. "Delarue, the maid, told me, when I knocked at the door this morning, that dear Marian wished to sleep until it was time to dress. But she is surely quite ready now."

She tripped away, leaving Mr. Rivington to exchange light badinage with the other party bridesmaids, in the moment or two of delay which ensued.

Presently Flora came down, looking very pale.

"Paul, she is gone, and this note lay on the table."

"Gone!" he thundered, grasping for breath, as he tore open the slightly-sealed billet, which was directed to him.

"You never cared for me," thus it read, "and I have discovered—fortunately before it was too late—that you only desired to marry me for my fortune. Of that intent you will find yourself baulked, and the only revenge I can wish you will be the stings of your own conscience. Marry Flora if you like, for I shall never become your wife.

"M. R."

And that was Paul Rivington's wedding day.

The infuriated creditors, whom he had up to this point contrived to pacify with hints at his wealthy marriage so soon to transpire, pounced on him at once for the news spread right and left with marvellous rapidity, and before nightfall he was the inmate of a prison.

Marian had left no traces of her whereabouts, and Flora Southwick was left without a home.

Marian Revere had escaped a fortune-hunter's toils.

SLEEP.—A man during a life-time of 50 years, according to a paper recently read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, sleeps away an aggregate of 6000 days, walks away 800 days, is ill during 500, and amuses himself with the remainder of his half-century on earth.

THE question whether whist playing should be prohibited in a railway car is receiving some attention now in England.

Scientific and Useful.

POISONOUS BOMB.—A Yankee has invented a poisonous air-bomb. He claims that when it explodes it releases gases the inhalation of which will cause silent death within a radius of 100 feet.

LETTER BOXES.—The German Postmaster General has adopted a device for preventing tampering with letters, in the form of a method for emptying the letter boxes of their contents in such a way as to render it absolutely impossible for the official to handle the postal matter.

A FOREST RAILWAY.—A novel experiment of carrying a railroad through a forest has been tried in Sonauan county, California. The trees are sawed off and leveled and the ties are fastened on the stumps, two of which are huge redwoods standing side by side and reaching seventy-five feet from the ground. So firm is this support that heavily loaded cars pass over with perfect security.

PAVEMENTS.—Some of the fine macadam pavements of Paris being taken up and wooden blocks substituted. The secret of success lies in the foundation prepared, which is of broken stone and cement to the depth of six inches, forming an immovable and impenetrable bed. Upon this are laid the blocks of Norway spruce, the cracks between which are filled with pitch, and then a mixture of gravel and tar.

DEAFNESS.—A specialist who has collected a museum of about 500 casts of the interior of the human mouth, in cases of partial deafness of one or both ears, has written a pamphlet on the relation of carious, crowded and displaced teeth to defective hearing. He has found from a careful inspection of the mouths of partially deaf pupils in public schools, that in the majority of cases the trouble has its starting point in the mouth, not in the affection of the ear.

AN AIR SHIP.—A Pittsburg inventor claims to have invented an air ship, in which the motive power is a blast of heated wind sent from stern to stem. It is argued by the inventor that the passage of this hot air current toward the stern will cause a tremendous suction of cold air through the inductor from the bow to the stern. A partial vacuum before the bow will be the result, and the ship will move in an opposite direction from the current.

INK.—Any common black ink or writing fluid can be made into good copying ink by adding some sugar or other saccharine matter to it. To prepare, dissolve one ounce of lump sugar in one and one-half pints of writing fluid. Within five or six hours after writing letters or other documents with this prepared ink they can be copied by pressure on damp unsized paper. If old writing be wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, to which a small portion of sugar syrup has been added, a faint reproduction can be taken with firm pressure upon unsized paper, with the result of rendering the original much paler than before, as the process simply dissolves the original ink used and transfers it. To copy printing ink, dampen the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and press on any paper of absorbent nature.

Farm and Garden.

MILKING.—An Indiana dairyman covers the cow with a horse-blanket or sheet while milking, thus preventing the annoyance of flies and adding greatly to the comfort of the cow, which is otherwise continually engaged in battle with the insect world. If a horse-blanket is used it should be a clean one.

EGGS.—To decide whether eggs are fertile or not hold them between the thumb and forefinger with one end toward the thumb and finger in a horizontal position, with a strong light in front of you. The unfertilized egg will have a clear appearance, both upper and lower side being the same. The fertilized egg will have a clear appearance at the lower side, while the upper side will exhibit a dark or cloudy appearance.

FEED.—In feeding cornstalks to cattle they must be cut into short lengths with a cutter that also shaves or breaks them to pieces while cutting them. If they are not so treated they will not be chewed the second time, as is done when chewing the cud, owing to the difficulty of making the matter in the first stomach of ruminating animals into balls for that purpose. If properly prepared, however, no such difficulty occurs.

HOGS AND POULTRY.—If one-half the grain fed to hogs in this country were given to poultry it would secure a much more profitable return. A bushel of corn will make perhaps four to six pounds of pork, but the same amount of grain will winter a hen, and her eggs and chickens will be worth three to ten times as much as the pork. Poultry is probably the only class of stock from which profit can be had, feeding only on bought food.

BONES AND EGGS.—Pulverized bones furnish the best material for the shells of eggs. Meal made from entire bones is the best, and is preferred by fowls, as it contains considerable nutriment in the form of fat and gelatine. It is difficult, however, to pulverize fresh bones without apparatus constructed strictly for the purpose, and unless they are fresh they are undesirable. By placing the bones in a wood or coal fire the animal matter will be consumed, when the bones become so brittle that they are reduced. It is not necessary to grind them to powder. If left in pieces as large as flaxseed they will be eaten.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 13, 1884.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,"

Entertaining!

Instructive!

Moral!

THE CHEAPEST and BEST.

TERMS FOR THE COMING YEAR:

$2.00 a Year for Single Copy;

—or,—

$1.00 a Year in Clubs of 10.

NOW IS THE TIME TO

RAISE CLUBS

FOR THE YEAR 1885!

We are pleased to announce to our patrons that we have placed our Club Rates at such a low figure for this year as to put THE POST within reach of all. We are determined to get a very large list of new subscribers, and in order to do so we will receive subscriptions at

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

IN CLUBS OF TEN.

And, as an inducement to send a club, we will give a gratis copy for every club of 10 at $1.00 each. Remember, we will not send a single copy for less than $1.00; and in order to get the reduced rate, one must send at least ten subscriptions. We cannot send a less number for less than $2.00 each

Think of it! 10 Copies of THE POST one year, with one extra for sending the Club, making 11 copies, for $10.00.

Those who send Clubs, can afterwards add names at $1.00 each.

Remember, the getter-up of a club of 10 gets a free copy of the paper an entire year.

We hope and trust that each of our present subscribers will send a Club. A little effort cannot fail to secure one, and they will thereby be doing to themselves and friends a favor, and assist in raising the circulation of so good a paper as the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose, Verse and Fiction.

We trust that those who design making up Clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to Club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the Club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a Club of 10 gets a FREE copy of the paper an entire year.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lock Box 1359, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 725 Sansom Street.

GOOD NATURE.

No doubt there is a vast amount of misery in the world occasioned by deliberate unkindness; revenge for real or fancied injuries, or the terrible pleasure some evil natures feel in the exercise of arbitrary power. Still more suffering is probably occasioned by that callous indifferentism to the feelings of others which we call thoughtlessness, but which is really very nearly allied to selfishness.

Yet possibly we should find, were we able to make the reckoning, that as much harm is done by the unwise concessions of what are called "good-natured people," as by either of the other classes.

It is often said of a good-natured man that he is no one's enemy but his own; but families and friends are so linked together in this world, that it is exceedingly difficult for any one to injure himself without hurt to another.

Far be it from us to limit philanthropy or any sort of generosity. He who goes through life conferring benefits is the noblest of mortals; but unless on occasion he is able to say "No" to eager entreaties, he will never be able to carry out his best intentions.

One of the most mischievous forms of what is called good-nature, is recommending an incompetent person to some responsible position. Not that patronage, properly considered, is anything but a good and lawful thing; only we may be sure that the just, enlightened, and really powerful patron is by no means what is understood by a "good-natured man." We imagine him to have legitimate influence, which he would lose in a very short time were he to abuse it.

A person, out of what is called good-nature, becoming security for another, and suffering, or causing others to suffer in consequence, is so sad and frequent an event in real life, that it has become quite a common incident in novels, and need not be treated of here.

Kindness of heart is a deeper and finer quality than the surface readiness to oblige, which we have endeavored to depict. Kindness of heart has always the capacity for real sympathy, and this great alleviator of suffering is generally too clear-seeing to always approve of "Yes" when "No" should be said.

Real sympathy feels with, and assists, the friend in trouble. When actions prompted by thoughtless good-nature are most mischievous, they proceed from one who probably neither feels deeply nor sees clearly the relations of cause and effect. That Justice—to a stranger no less than to our associates—is a rarer and more sublime virtue than generosity, is a truth that good-natured people are somewhat apt to forget.

SANCTUM CHAT.

HORSE railroads are an old story, but a camel railway has the merit of novelty. It is announced that camels are to be employed as the motive power on the last section of railroad recently built by Russia through the Indian desert, toward India.

—

A "PLAIN, practical, unpretentious pedagogue" proposes, in view of the need of a personal pronoun of the common gender, to represent the circumlocution of he or she, him or her, etc., the use of nominative, se; possessive, sin; objective, sim; corresponding in sound to he, his, or him.

—

A PARIS physician has succeeded in measuring the motive power of the human body as developed in every movement. As one of the results of his studies, he shows that something is gained in the power of walking by quickening the pace from forty to seventy-five steps per minute. The latter figure is the extreme limit; with a greater number of steps power would be lost instead of gained.

—

IT is now certain that the outbreak of cholera in Europe, of the present year, has not nearly the intensity it had on former occasions. Attention to sanitary rules is once more proved to be the chief preservative against infection. The disease has fastened less on whole sections of the population than on scattered individuals of sickly constitution. The following statistics bear out the theory that the cholera loses in intensity with every fresh appearance of it: In 1832 it killed at Paris 20,000 victims in a population of 800,000; in 1849, 12,000 in 1,200,000, and in 1865, 6,000 in 2,000,000. At Marseilles there were 2,800 victims in 1835, in a population of 154,000, and only 2,000 in 1865, in a population of 300,000.

—

A BENEVOLENT society, called a "Mouthful of Bread," has been started in Paris. Its object is to render temporary assistance to those who are out of work. A lump of bread and a glass of water, flavored with vinegar, are given to all who ask for relief. The vinegar is put in the water to kill the microbes, which swarm in the foul Seine water, and the concoction doesn't taste much different from the sour wine ordinarily used by Parisians.

—

CREMATION is making great strides in France, where the prefect of the Seine means to establish Siemens furnaces in several of the cemeteries in Paris, and proposes to cremate all persons whose remains are not claimed by their friends. If this experiment proves successful, the government will probably introduce a general bill on cremation in the chamber, and the council of health is now considering the different ways of detecting traces of poison.

—

THERE can be no question that the continued close covering of the head with hats and caps is one very constant cause of baldness. Women very seldom lose their hair, except from sudden causes, and among these nations where the head is habitually left bare, or but slightly covered, baldness is practically unknown. The beard, which is of the same class of hair as that of the scalp, does not fall with age. A reform in outstyle of head-gear is very desirable, but it is not at all likely to be accomplished.

—

THE list of goods canned has been enlarged by a company in St. Louis, which has begun canning eggs. A factory has been erected, and is now in operation, where they will can 1,000,000 dozen annually. The eggs are put through some sort of a process by which the yolks and white are separated from the shells, and the substance is then dried and canned. One teaspoonful is said to be equal to about one egg, and it is warranted to keep fresh for three years.

—

A LONDON paper contends for "some rational endeavor to make the distinction between insanity and life-weariness apparent," in cases of suicide, the great majority of which it believes to be caused by the moral and not the physical condition of the victims. It puts no belief in "temporary insanity" as a cause of, or excuse for, self-slaughter, but contends that those who take their own lives, do so as a rule with the intelligent consciousness of what they are about to do.

—

THE 27th of November was Donation Day at the new German Hospital, of this city, on which occasion the institution was the recipient of much in the way of gifts—monetary and otherwise. Among all the hospitals in Philadelphia none exceed it in sanitary location (adjoining Girard College), and the large number of comfortable private rooms in the place, make it particularly a desirable *maison de sante* for well-to-do patients from the rural districts, who will find in it the best medical attendance, united with home comforts and excellent German fare.

—

AN old scheme has just been revamped in Europe to turn a nimble penny, which should command a ready patronage in this country among a class of people who have plenty of money and very little brains. Circulars are being distributed offering to bestow titles in exchange for certain sums of money, proportioned in amount to the grade desired. A prince can be manufactured for $15,000, a duke for $10,000, a count for $5,000, while only $4,000 is required to be dubbed a baron. At these moderate prices it would seem that a lively trade in the honors might be created.

—

ADULTERATION prevails in every composite article which enters largely into human consumption, and it was alleged some years since that even the meat sold in the poorer quarters of London is not always what it seems. Instead of beef and mutton the flesh of horses and dogs is sometimes foisted upon the hungry and needy buyer, while for veal and rabbits, viands so unsavory that we do not even care to name them, are occasionally substituted. Small wonder can then be felt that an article universally in request, and lending itself so readily to adulteration, should be imitated and sophisticated all over the world.

—

THE best story we have heard of a kleptomaniac comes from Paris. A well-dressed man of aristocratic bearing went round the jewelry stores, accompanied by a servant. The valet informed the storekeeper that his master was a very wealthy man, but unfortunately a kleptomaniac, so to keep an eye on him, and everything he abstracted would either be returned or paid for. The "Count" made some purchases, and also stole a few trinkets, which were always immediately returned by the obliging servant. This went on for a few days, until the confidence of the shopkeeper was obtained. One fine afternoon the "Count" helped himself to two very valuable diamond rings. This time neither master nor man returned. So much for that case of kleptomania.

—

FRIENDSHIP, according to a late author, is not a weaker love, an *amour sans ailes*, not "an instinct that drives bees, and ants, and birds to swarm in masses, and men to unite and found States;" it is an impulse of nature as unreasonable as love itself. People become friends (and to be real friends they must be of the same sex) for no better reason than because it is inevitable, and they must. There is no question of choice—nay, from the moment that choice enters into the bargain, real friendship ceases. There is no "firm reason to be rendered" for friendship any more than for love. Nor is friendship a haven in which to rest after the storms and passions of life; it is no refuge from deeper emotions, for of all emotions it is the deepest. To be real, it must, like love itself, be "all sighs and tears, all faith and service." It should be strong as death, and stronger than love.

—

THE Russian stove is made of fire-resisting porcelain, is always ornamental, and frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick fire-clay walls into several upright chambers or flues, generally six in number. Some dry fire-wood is lighted in a suitable fire-place, and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes through the flue. The productions of combustion being thus undiluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated, and in this state pass up and down through the different compartments. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the twenty four heat-absorbing surfaces of the fire-clay walls. Then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its work, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric, ready for emission into the room, and, passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove, is radiated into the apartments.

—

A WESTERN writer thus describes a cyclone: "Like a peaceful Ute stealing up through the sheltering ambush to saw open the throat of a dear friend, comes the ring-tailed peeler of the sky, scarcely moving the green leaves as he steals along the valley on his hind legs. No sound is heard except the dull thud of the woodman's axe as it buries itself in the heart of a pine tree that belongs to some one else. The sun has dropped behind a dull, gray cloud that is faced with pale green. Still lower down the steel-gray and purple clouds come boiling over the tree-tops. The tree-toad makes a few desultory remarks, Katy-did says "good evening," and the premature twilight has come. Up from the southwest comes a sullen mutter, a crash, a roar, like twenty oceans in joint caucus, the rush of falling trees, the crash of giant hailstones, the thunder of falling waters, and like the deadly charge of heaven's artillery it is over. That is a cyclone—one of the adult variety when it is feeling well. When you see one of that kind sliding up into the sky, do not try to twist its tail as it goes by. It takes a strong, quick man to reach out over the dashboard and twist the tail of a cyclone. He must be strong in the wrists, cool-headed, and soon in his movements."

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me, before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou can'st feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow; but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there with thy nature hid
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou will surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all!

Hervey Davenant.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

"BROTHER Hervey, I expect a visitor," Miss Jane Davenant said nervously one morning, as she handed her brother his third cup of tea. "I hope you won't mind, dear."

"Now, Jane, what's the use of hoping any such thing when you know perfectly well that I shall mind?" Mr. Davenant answered, with a grim smile and a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"I'm very sorry, dear."

"Very sorry!" Mr. Davenant exclaimed. "That's so like a woman, Jane. Why do you invite people here? If you didn't, you would have no occasion to be sorry, and so escape a very unpleasant mental condition," he added, in an argumentative tone which his sister dreaded more than anything else in the world; for if she were once beguiled into a controversy with Hervey, her point, whatever it might happen to be, were lost.

"I don't like doing anything that displeases you, brother; but in this instance I don't really see how I can help myself. I had a letter from an old schoolfellow, requesting me to give her—— "

"There, Jane—pray do not go into explanations. You've had letters from old schoolfellows, requesting the same thing, about every six months for the last fifteen years. Have her here by all means. I'll eliminate myself!" Mr. Davenant said, with a certain air of resignation. "I'll go to Wales, or Scotland, or anywhere out of reach of your old schoolfellows!"

"Now, brother, that is scarcely kind of you," Miss Jane declared, with the faintest semi-tone of indignation in her gentle voice, and something suspiciously like a tear in her soft gray eyes. "I do not often have any one come, and Mrs. Treherne will stay only a few weeks."

"Oh, only a few weeks!" Mr. Davenant rejoined sarcastically. "And what is to become of me during that time? Of course I shall be neglected; I always am when there's company."

"That's not very often, Hervey."

"No, fortunately. A few weeks indeed! No rest, no quiet, no study, late breakfast, late luncheon, late dinner, late everything! No, no, Jane! Enjoy your friend's society by all means; be happy, my dear, over your afternoon tea and mutual reminiscences of by-gone days; but I'll vanish."

"That's just what you must do, Hervey," Miss Jane replied, with an unusual amount of energy. "You must remain here, brother, and help me to entertain Miss Treherne."

"Help you to entertain Miss Treherne, Jane! Well, upon my word, that's the coolest request I've heard for fifteen years!" Mr. Davenant cried, in comical amusement.

"It's the only request of the kind I've made, brother, during fifteen years. I have respected your wish for seclusion and fallen into all your habits, and I think you might give way to me in this small matter," Miss Jane said quietly.

"True, true, sister! I'm very selfish—a perfect bear, I know; but then I hate women. You're the only endurable one I ever met, my dear; and, in consideration of your general good behavior, I'll make a martyr of myself just this once. I'll stay, and endeavor to the best of my poor ability to entertain this Miss Treherne—that's what you want, is it not?—devoutly hoping that she will not be vivacious, or intellectual, or philosophical, or strong-minded, or have missionary sympathies or agricultural tendencies, though, after all as boredom is inevitable, one might as well be bored one way as another. When does your friend arrive, Jane?"

"This evening," Miss Jane replied, after consulting a letter. "I should like to send the carriage to Hailsham to meet her."

"Certainly, my dear. What time do we dine?"

"The same time as usual, of course, brother. Miss Treherne's presence will make no difference in our arrangements, except that we shall use the large drawing-room instead of the small."

"Where I am to present myself in pontifical costume at a quarter-past six, be introduced to your friend, and hand her in to dinner?" Hervey said, with his grim smile. "I'll be there, Jane, though I would just as soon go to the dentist and have my soundest premolar extracted. You may rely upon me, sister. And now go and commence those mysterious preparations which I have witnessed from time to time. Harass the cook, worry the butler, torment your maid, fidget yourself into a fit or a fever, simply because here's a woman coming to stay for a few days. Go, my dear and leave me to quiet contemplation of the great event."

Miss Jane, in mute obedience, took up her key-basket and left the breakfast-room, while her brother threw down the *Times* and marched up and down the apartment in a sort of comic consternation.

A tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man of forty, looking much older, with brown eyes, deeply set under heavy brows, brown skin, brown hair, whiskers, beard, and mustache, save for the streaks of silver they showed, a fine set of white teeth, and a firm decided chin—a handsome, healthy, wealthy man, with an iron constitution and perfect digestion; by nature genial, sociable, generous, with a good deal of sly dry humor; by habit grim, sarcastic, taciturn; a man who, without any apparent earthly reason, adopted misanthropy as a religion, and rigorously lived up to his creed—such was Hervey Davenant.

At five-and-twenty he had returned from a prolonged foreign tour to find both his father and mother dead and himself heir to a large unencumbered estate.

Without any demonstration of joy or sorrow, he had settled down at Davenant Hall with his only sister, where his persistent seclusion soon cut him off from old friends and prevented him from making new.

Miss Jane, though ten years older, looked up to and reverenced her brother, with a blind sort of hero-worship.

Though personally fond of society, she acquiesced in all Hervey's plans, and fell into his ways insensibly.

Miss Jane had met with a disappointment when very young, and, though neither soured nor blighted by it, people saw at a glance that "Miss Jane" she would remain to the end of the chapter.

But, for all her apparent devotion to Hervey and unprotesting sanction of his mode of life, Miss Jane, in her secret soul, was not satisfied.

She thought it a sin and a shame that her grand, handsome, clever brother should mope away the best years of his life in a gloomy library, surrounded by musty folios, and dusty dead bats and beetles, and other hateful debris of animal life.

She longed to see him married and filling his proper place in society, and not venturing to openly express her wishes, set numerous little traps to catch his unsuspecting and unwary affections. But, though Miss Jane fancied that she arranged her plans with Machiavellian diplomacy, they were as transparent as water to the keen perception of the intended victim.

Hervey seemed to know by intuition when an ambuscade was prepared, and always managed to cover his retreat, if not with dignity, at least with security to himself and defeat to the enemy.

But Miss Jane was an inveterate match-maker, and pursued her designs year after year, very hopeful of ultimate success despite repeated failure; though the ninety-ninth matrimonial bait for Hervey failed, she set the hundredth with unshaken faith.

Miss Treherne she meant to take the citadel by storm.

Never before had she gone so openly and undisguisedly to work; and her plan would at least have the advantage of novelty.

A lady-visitor at Davenant Hall the misanthrope regarded as a simple nuisance which necessitated his leaving home for as long a period as she chose to remain; but, as he could generally contrive to make himself tolerably comfortable in a hotel somewhere, he did not regard the arrival of one of Jane's friends as a very serious disaster.

But that there should be a visitor, and that he should have to remain at home, meet her, and help to entertain her, was quite another thing; how to set about such a task exercised his mind a good deal.

Still, he reflected, Jane was a very good creature, who seldom troubled him in any way, doubtless her friend was a very dear old one, or she would not be so anxious that he should show her some attention.

She was not dangerous from a matrimonial point of view—on that head he was quite satisfied—or she would have been introduced surreptitiously, and made known to him without warning.

In all probability she was a prim antiquated lady in lace mittens and spectacles, with extreme religious views, and perhaps chronic bronchitis.

She would be a bore however—of that he was morally certain; still, to oblige Jane, he would, if it were necessary, be civil to any six of the most objectionable of her schoolfellows, for in his secret heart, far down below the cynical and misanthropical strata, Hervey Davenant dearly loved his sister.

* * * * * *

"This is Miss Treherne, Hervey. Effie, my love, this is my brother," Miss Jane said hurriedly, inverting the usual order of introduction in her blind belief in Mr. Davenant's absolute supremacy.

"How do you do, Mr. Davenant?"

The misanthrope was standing on the white fleecy hearth-rug in the drawing-room, looking down curiously at a young girl who knelt there, warming her hands before a blazing fire—a very slight girl dressed in black, with pale golden wavy hair fastened carelessly with a black ribbon low down on her neck, bright hazel eyes, a delicate colorless complexion, and a sweet happy smile.

She looked little more than a child as she knelt in the firelight and glanced up half curiously, half fearfully, at Hervey, who, after making a formal bow, and muttering some unintelligible commonplace on the pleasure of meeting his sister's friend, stood solemnly silent.

A bright, imperious, winning little girl, with a half pleading, half commanding voice and wholly fascinating manner, Effie Treherne rubbed her delicate little white hands, and prattled about her journey, her impressions of the country, of Davenant Hall, and every object that chanced to catch her observant eye as she was driven from Hailsham.

In a few moments dinner was announced, and, silent still, with a gravity that was more sad than grim, Hervey took the young lady to the dining-room, and with a politeness which Lord Chesterfield himself might have envied, anticipated all her wants.

In her wildest flights of imagination Miss Jane never pictured such a metamorphosis in her morose brother; and yet she was not satisfied.

All through dinner she was nervous and unhappy.

There was a look of sad reproach and positive pain in Hervey's eyes which she could not at all comprehend.

He looked at Effie Treherne in a strange, thoughtful way, as though he were endeavoring to recollect an old, rather than study a new, face.

Miss Jane was very unhappy. She feared she had made some terrible mistake without having the faintest idea what it was; so that, between her anxiety and Hervey's silence, the dinner was a dull affair, in spite of Effie's lively chatter and flow of eager, childish questions.

At length it was over.

Hervey held the door open for his sister and her visitor to pass, promised to join them very soon, and then made a dash up to his room, crammed some miscellaneous articles into a portmanteau, rang his bell violently, and by the time it was answered forgot what he rang for, kicked the portmanteau out of sight, and, returning to the dining-room, rested his elbows on the table, his head upon his hands, and indulged in a long reflection.

His forty years sat more heavily on him that night than he ever remembered to have felt them before.

His brow seemed marked with deeper lines, his very hair appeared to him to have grown grayer, and a look of suffering had come into his eyes since they rested three hours before on Effie Treherne's face, in the firelight.

The misanthrope had received a shock for which Miss Jane's philosophy could in no way account.

There was certainly something at the bottom of it, she thought—and so, indeed, there was.

The romance of Hervey Davenant's somewhat unromantic life, the secret of his gloomy, misanthropical notions, had at last come to the surface, dragged from its hiding-place by the face and voice of Effie Treherne.

With painful distinctness they recalled to Hervey's remembrance the garden of a pretty villa on the South Coast, on a sultry July evening, twenty years before.

A young girl, with Effie's hazel eyes, pale golden hair, and winning voice, sat on a low garden-chair, listlessly pulling a great crimson rose to pieces and strewing its velvety petals over her white dress and on the grass at her feet.

Her face was very pale, her eyes had a strange unrest in them, though her voice was calm enough, as she told the dark-eyed, eager-faced boy who leaned familiarly over the back of her chair that she expected a friend the next day—the gentleman to whom she was engaged.

This was in reply to some impassioned remark of the boy's, as he secretly caressed one of the soft, golden curls that hung over her shoulders.

He remembered, boy though he was, how the evening sky suddenly became overcast, how the flowers seemed to lose their perfume, and how the blue sea in the distance grew troubled and sighed in sympathy with the great desolation which had fallen upon him.

In the seconds that silently elapsed after those simple words of Alice Leigh's he seemed to die and be buried, to experience a succession of infinite changes, to rise again a man, like in outward semblance only to the eager-faced boy of the past.

He had known Alice Leigh five weeks—long, glorious, golden, utterly unclouded weeks.

The first shadow that ever fell upon them was their annihilation.

Alice was engaged to be married, and Hervey Davenant was dead and buried—passed away out of sight and mind as though he had never been.

With a smiling face and unclouded brow Hervey said farewell to Alice and her father—to the bright dreams and golden visions of the precious five weeks, to hope, and faith, and trust, and happiness.

With a gay adieu he left the villa, smiling bitterly to himself, as he proceeded down the path, at the sweetness, power and cruelty of a woman.

A few short weeks before he was a human being instinct with life and hope; now he was a ghost "doomed for a certain term to walk the earth" hopeless and joyless because Alice Leigh was engaged to be married.

* * * * *

"Must you leave us, Effie?"

Effie Treherne bowed her head over her embroidery, blushed vividly, wondered where on earth "aunt Jane" was—she was very much at home amongst them—and finally glanced up in mute appeal not to be questioned any further.

But Hervey Davenant was sitting by her side on the sofa, effectually cutting off her retreat, very grave, very resolute, though not quite as grim-looking as he was on that evening a month before, when she glanced up at him so curiously from a rug.

"Tell me, dear, must you leave us?" he repeated more sternly.

He meant to have an answer.

"No, I mustn't; but I should," was the rather vague reply, after some hesitation and sundry glances in the direction of the door.

"Why should you? Are we not very happy, Effie?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what, dear?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me so many questions, Mr. Davenant," the girl said, desperately.

"I have just one more to ask—only one," Hervey whispered, drawing closer to her. "Listen, Effie."

"Oh, no, no—please!"

And Effie's little hands were clasped over her eyes in protest.

But Hervey drew them both away with one of his and looked earnestly and tenderly into her face.

It was a tell-tale countenance; but Hervey had watched it once before and misinterpreted what it said; he meant to have a plain answer this time.

"Look at me, Effie—look into my face and listen. I love you, my darling—I love you. Can you ever learn to care anything for me?" he asked, very slowly and earnestly.

"Oh, Mr. Davenant, let me go! Please, please—"

"Answer me first, dear. I must have a reply. I have a right to it. Can you ever learn to love me?"

"No, Hervey—"

The reply came from the depths of the couch whereon she had taken refuge.

"And why?"

"Because—because—I—I know how already!"

"My darling"—and Hervey kissed the golden head very tenderly—"my own little darling!"

Presently Jane entered the room in search of her key-basket, and paused in the middle of the floor in dumb amazement.

Hervey looked round, not too well pleased at the interruption, and Effie made her escape.

"Oh, Jane, Jane, are you not ashamed of yourself? See what your match-making has resulted in! How could you deceive your trusting brother so?"

"Why, I never meant—"

"No, of course not, when you said one of your schoolfellows was coming——"

"I'm sure, brother, I never said any such thing!" Miss Jane cried indignantly. "I would have said, if you had permitted me, that one of my schoolfellows had asked me to take her niece for a few weeks to avoid the attentions of a very objectionable young man."

"And you ruthlessly threw the child in the way of a very objectionable old one! How could you, Jane? In escaping Scylla our Effie has fallen on Charybdis with a vengeance! What will her uncle and aunt say, I wonder?"

"Why, that she's a very fortunate girl, of course!" Miss Jane replied complacently. "But really, brother, I assure you it was but a mere chance, after all."

"No matter, Jane; I'm not the first fellow whose fate has been so decided, and I have no intention of quarreling with any circumstance that has given me Effie."

"She's a dear good girl, brother, and as nearly worthy of you as any woman can be; but she's not so pretty as her mother was," Miss Jane added reflectively.

"Womanlike, the moment her point was gained she began to regret it.

"Who was her mother, sister?"

"Alice Leigh, sister to my dearest friend at school, a beautiful creature, but giddy, Hervey—very giddy, and fond to distraction of her own beauty. She made what was supposed to be a grand match; but Mr. Treherne failed in business, turned out badly, and treated his young wife shamefully. She died of consumption—the doctors said—of a broken heart, I say. Effie was her only child."

"And she's like her," Hervey observed thoughtfully—"marvellously like."

"Yes," Miss Jane assented, in some surprise, "she resembles her mother; but she's not nearly so pretty. Poor Alice!"

"Poor Alice!" Hervey Davenant repeated, with a deep sigh. "Died of a broken heart; and Effie is her daughter!"

If Hervey Davenant wanted his revenge, he had it, after twenty years.

Love's Fruition.

BY E. F. SPENCE

TWO girls were looking over a photograph album. The faces so near together were a striking contrast; for, while Nita Danvers was dark, with a brilliant coloring, her friend, Beth, was very fair.

To look at Beth one would immediately imagine a home shut away from the distractions of the world of fashion, and hours spent in doing deeds of charity.

But it would be a mistake, for, although no more charitable heart ever occupied a maiden's breast, Beth had left a home of luxury and elegance to visit her favorite school friend; and, though by no means a frivolous, shallow girl, was one of society's brightest ornaments, winning, by her charm and intelligence, the palm from her more showy, vivacious sisters.

Upon the open page before them was pictured a man's handsome face, with features regular, and denoting high character.

Beth exclaimed, in pleased admiration, "So that is Mr. Heith, your brother Robert's friend? What a splendid face!—how glad I am that I shall meet and know him! What a contrast to the dapper youths of whom your set—begging your pardon, Nita—seems to be rather largely composed."

Nita laughed a little, then pouted.

"You are not complimentary, Miss Ellis; but don't raise your anticipations too high. His face is handsome, I'll admit; but——"

Just then a loud call from the hall below, in Robert Danvers's voice, interrupted Nita's sentence, and without waiting to finish it she ran to the door.

"Carriage ready, sis! You'd better hurry—you know Prince doesn't stand very well."

A short while later, the two girls, seated beside Mr. Danvers in his stylish equipage, were whirling along the wide road at a pace that made Nita's cheeks glow, and brought even a tinge of delicate color to Beth's usually pale face.

She was dressed all in seal brown, and the dark hue was eminently becoming to her pure complexion and flaxen hair.

As they drove, a carriage containing one gentleman passed them.

Robert lifted his hat, while Nita bowed, and Beth, raising her brown eyes interestedly to his face, saw in life the original of the picture she had admired so much.

"A perfect Apollo!" she thought to herself.

From that time out, Robert's theme was his friend, the perfection and nobility of his character, his benevolence, and so on.

To all of which Beth listened without comment; but Nita broke in every now and then with some bantering remarks, until at length Robert was obliged to turn the conversation into channels more agreeable to his lively sister.

That evening the bell rings, and the servant brings in to the young ladies Mr. Heith's card.

As they enter the drawing-room, Nita a little in advance, Beth is conscious of a sense of overwhelming surprise and pity, for the tall form that rises to meet them does so with the aid of crutches. That, then, is what Nita meant.

With an effort she composes her face, that is always so ready to translate her emotions, and performs her part in the introduction that ensues.

But not before Le Grand Heith's keen perceptions have seen and understood the expression of the brown eyes that had met his one brief instant, and had then so quickly evaded his gaze.

"I am sorry I promised Robert to come," he thinks to himself. "Whenever I break through my resolution of keeping only to myself I regret it. It will be the last time. Everyone shrinks from me, deformed hulk that I am!"

Thus for a few moments bitter thoughts throng through his mind; but they are dissipated ere long, for, with her exquisite tact and irresistible charm, Beth soon bring to him forgetfulness of aught save herself.

She fascinates without an intention of so doing, simply because she cannot help it, and she has conceived a more than ordinary liking and sympathy for this noble-faced man, who has been endowed with so many of Nature's good gifts to be deprived of one that men prize beyond all others—that strength and comeliness of frame without which mere beauty of feature counts as nothing.

And so Mr. Heith's call is but a prelude to many others. His own home is not far distant, and his magnificent conservatory supplies out of its wealth of bloom a daily excuse for visits which he is never made to feel unwelcome.

One day, after two months have elapsed, as he is alone with his friend Robert in the latter's particular sanctum, Le Grand asks a question.

"Do you consider me insane in loving your sister's friend, Robert? Would you advise me to try my fate, and gain or lose all?"

Robert's reply is unhesitating.

"Any girl you care for might feel herself honored."

And so, at his earliest opportunity, Le Grand risks all upon a maiden's yes or no.

He speaks frankly and eloquently. He tells of a boyhood and youth embittered by the misfortune that she alone, of all he had ever met, seemed neither to notice nor to care for.

As she listens, Beth's whole frame trembles, and her eyes droop beneath the ardor of Le Grand's fervent passion.

"Do not speak further, Mr. Heith," she says. "I must not listen. Until the last few moments I had no idea you regarded me in any other light than that of an agreeable friend. If I had thought otherwise, I should have told you what I do now, that I am already betrothed."

"Betrothed!"

The pain in his voice is so keen that the girl quivers before it, and buries her face in her hands. They are drawn away, and looking up, she sees Le Grand kneeling at her feet.

"Do not weep! each tear shed by you drives me mad! I believe you. Why should I—a cripple—dare to aspire to the love of one like you? I see my mistake—I have known it all along—it was only the frenzy of hope that impelled me to take advantage of your kindness. Do not weep! Beth, farewell! I resign with this moment all nearer ties than those of friendship. It is no fault of yours, only my own mad mistake. Farewell!"

He has gone.

Six months before her acceptance of her friend Nita's invitation, Beth had promised her hand to the man into whose power her father, through his rash speculations, had been drawn.

Ostensibly rich, Mr. Ellis had in reality no claim to such a name, and Beth had been awakened with a rude shock to the instability of their fortunes, when her father in his agony of entreaty had implored her to save him in the one way opened before her.

Although the girl had shrunk almost with loathing from the old man who was thus proposed as her future husband, she had not hesitated.

She had given her consent, and then, with a sense as of escape, had flown to her friend Nita's, eager to avoid, if only for the space of a few months, the attentions of one who, however much she disliked him, had now the right to claim her society whenever it so pleased him.

One morning Robert tells his sister and her guest, with a grave, disapproving look in the latter's direction, of the departure for the Continent of Le Grand Heith.

A short time after finds Beth at home once more.

A year later the following letter is penned by Robert Danvers to his friend, Le Grand Heith, in Italy:—

"DEAR GRAND,—I have something to tell you that, if I am not much mistaken, will both surprise you and, at the same time, bring you back to your native land as fast as steam can accomplish the distance.

"Elizabeth Ellis is here at our home, lying upon a bed of suffering and illness. This is not all: in her delirium she calls one name over and over again, and that name is yours.

"Grand, she did love you, but because of her enforced promise to another, who held her father's fate in his hands, she did not let you see that her pain in giving you a refusal was equal to yours in receiving it.

"A month back, while her betrothed was spending the night in her father's house, a fire broke out.

"Before the alarm was given it had gained such headway that all that could be done was useless to stem its fury; and out of all within the house at the time, Beth, whose sleeping-room overlooked the front porch, was the only one saved.

"Her father and intended both met the same terrible fate. Directly following the appalling disaster, it was learned that Mr. Ellis's affairs were in a desperately involved condition, and that all his property would be insufficient to pay the debts he had incurred; that, therefore, had been the reason of Beth's intended marriage with this Mr. Hatton.

"I confess I never could understand where the attraction could be in him for a girl like Beth. However, I, of course, set her down as mercenary. Now I know differently.

"As soon as she heard of her trouble, my sister went at once to her friend. When she returned she brought Beth with her—a stunned, apathetic shadow of her lovely self, with illness in her face, and impending madness in her eyes. It was pitiful to witness!

"As I fully anticipated when I saw her, in a week's time she was stricken with brain fever. It was the natural outcome of what she had been through.

"Then it was we learned all—her abhorrence of the one to whom her hand was promised, and her hopeless love for you.

"The crisis passed last night, and this morning, with haste, I pen you these lines with the hope that, if you love her still, her convalescence will find by her side the lover for whom her heart yearns, and who alone can turn her though from the horrible occurrences that so nearly cost her her life and reason."

Four weeks have rolled, three of which sufficed to bring the eager lover back to the land he had left with such a heavy heart.

He stands now in the hall before the half-open door of the library, within which is Beth.

"Hush! She sleeps! Come in very softly," Nita says, as she peeps within and beckons back to him.

"Shall I not startle her?" he asks, longing to enter, but hesitating.

"Joy, if it startles, does not harm," Nita replies, with unusual brevity. "Come!"

And he needs no second bidding.

Can this statuesque form, so deathly still, so wan, be Beth?

He kneels gently down beside her.

"Beth," he says, softly, "I have dared to approach you once more, for a great French doctor has taken from me the deformity that made me unworthy to be your lover. I have learned all—that you were induced through filial duty to sacrifice your freedom—and, Beth, they have told me that in your sickness your heart spoke the name of him you truly loved, and that that name was mine. Is it so? If it is, raise those dear eyes to mine. I shall understand whatever they reveal."

It was true. While abroad an eminent surgeon had studied Le Grand's case, and had accomplished, with the aid of a perilous but successful operation, what none of his fellows has been able to do, or had ever ventured to think of.

But I doubt if in Beth's adoring eyes the lover who has come to change the darkness into light is one whit more handsome than he was the day her heart cried out to him, "Yes," all the time her lips could only utter "No."

The Man In The Ulster.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

SOME little time ago, business called me to that most fashionable of watering places, Slushytown-on-the-Ooze.

It had been my intention to travel by a mid-day train, but, owing to unforeseen circumstances, my departure was delayed until late in the afternoon.

I arrived at Wimple Station—the most bewildering of stations, where dirt and bustle reign triumphant—with rather more than a quarter of an hour to spare; a piece of good fortune this, where officials and porters hurry about, taking no heed of your frantic efforts to find out when and from which platform your train starts, but leave you to wander about, until, nearly mad, you at last arrive at the right one.

To pass away the time, I strolled up to a bookstall, supplied myself with one or two papers, and was inquiring of the boy in charge which was the last novel out, when a heavy hand was brought down suddenly and sharply upon my back, causing me to turn quickly round face to face with a tall burly man clad in a rough-looking ulster and sealskin cap, with huge flaps to cover the ears.

As I stepped back a pace or two, a beaming smile spread over the peony-tinted features of the individual, and a deep, harsh voice was heard above the clamor and bustle of the station.

"Hallos! old man, who would have thought of seeing you here?"

Not recognising an acquaintance in the fellow thus addressing me, I was on the point of telling him that he was making a mistake when he continued:

"Where are you off to? I say, that was a nasty piece of business you were mixed up with two years ago. I thought you would be sent on a nice little excursion over the water very much against your will, and with your hair cut. How did you like the Central Criminal Court? Nice place, isn't it? Not that I have been there; I merely judge from hearsay. Well, I——"

"Really, sir, you must excuse me," I broke in; "you are laboring under a mistake. I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

"You mean to tell me," he said, "that you don't remember me? not Dicky, as I was always called in the good old days, before I went abroad."

"I tell you, sir, I never saw you before, to my knowledge. I don't know you from Adam," and, turning my back on him, I resumed my discussion with the boy at the stall as to which novel I should select.

My pseudo-friend was not to be got rid of so easily, however.

"Do you really mean I am not talking to my old chum, Robert Graham?" he persisted. "I have not been in England for two years, yet surely I can't be mistaken! I should know you anywhere?"

"I tell you, you are, undoubtedly. That is not my name," I replied testily, for his pertinacity was beginning to annoy me exceedingly.

How long he would have gone on I cannot say, but at this moment a porter carrying a huge bag hurried up and addressed him with—

"What class, sir? Have the bag in with you, sir?"

He was answered with a growl, resembling that of a tiger disappointed of its Sunday dinner.

"First, get me a corner seat, back to the engine, in a smoking carriage." Then, turning to me, said abruptly, "Beg pardon," and followed the porter.

By this time I had selected a book—one to which I had been attracted by the elaborate picture, in the most vivid colors, of a young lady being thrown over a cliff by a decidedly masherlike old gentleman—and paid for it, when I suddenly discovered that it wanted but one minute to starting time.

Off I dashed. A guard called out, "Where for, sir? Slushytown-on-the-Ooze? Here you are, sir!" seized my Gladstone bag, opened the door of a carriage, threw my luggage in, touched his cap, and shoved me panting into the compartment.

The whistle sounded. We were off.

On looking round the carriage, I perceived there was only one passenger besides myself—

The man in the ulster.

* * * * * *

It was an awful evening. The wind howled fiercely, and drove the rain against the carriage windows, much after the style of a page-boy with a syringe. It was just the night for a terrible deed.

Until it was dusk, the lunatic—for such I considered my fellow-traveller—smoked a very bad cigar, while I perused my papers and novel.

The latter proved rather interesting. It was the old, old story of a young and beautiful girl forced by a beggarly old father into a hateful marriage with an antiquated baronet half a century her senior, in spite of her earnest entreaties to wed the hero of her choice—a penniless young artist.

The troubles and trials that the heroine went through in the course of a few chapters were astounding. No human being could have survived them.

Novels differ in this particular from the reality of life.

The fictitious characters to which they give birth are made to endure the most awful torments, physically as well as mentally, and yet are brought through all their difficulties; whereas men and women in actual life suffer and die.

Heroes and heroines in fiction know so well that if they are killed the work must end immediately, therefore they are perfectly reckless what they do.

They feel sure that if they tumble into a river someone will be fishing close by ready to save them; or if they are blown up in an explosion, they will be saved, although everybody else in the train is mashed or torn into minute particles.

I was deeply interested in the fate of poor Clementina—that was the name of the heroine. Her trials touched me to the core.

First, she was nearly poisoned by her wicked spouse as soon as he had obtained possession of her little fortune; then she was run away with in Rotten Row; as soon as she had recovered from the shock, her amiable better-half had her accused of a crime which, it is needless to say, was not committed by her.

What further misfortunes befell her I cannot say, as it became too dark to read, and my eyes were heavy with sleep, so throwing the book on the opposite seat, I coiled myself up in a corner of the carriage and prepared to take forty winks.

Giving a glance in the direction of my companion I saw he was already indulging in a snooze.

The train hurried on towards its destination. It flew through countless stations, both small and great.

The wind howled fiercer and fiercer, "like some lost spirit in eternal woe," and the rain, although it had long since cleaned the windows, continued to beat against them with terrific force.

A slight vibration caused me to open my eyes. My fellow-traveller was moving.

As I gazed at him, I saw that he unbuttoned his ulster and drew a long steel object from his pocket which glittered in the sun—no, I don't mean that; I ought to say in the light of the lamp: really, these two luminaries are so much alike that one is very apt to confuse them—then he produced a magazine from his coat and commenced cutting the leaves.

By the time he had accomplished his task slumber had overtaken me.

* * * * *

Another movement disturbed me. I was terrified to see that my companion was looking fixedly at me, as if to ascertain whether I were really sleeping, at the same time drawing his finger across "the blue, cold, gleaming steel."

Was he going to murder me? My blood froze within me at the very idea. Perhaps he intended to stab me, rifle my pockets, and then throw me out on the line. Such things do often happen.

I was unarmed, save with a latch-key and toothpick, weapons of little use against a determined villain.

What was I to do? How could I cope with him under such circumstances?

Should I call for aid? No; not a soul could hear me amid the rattling of the train and the noise of the elements as they waged war against each other.

Should I make a dash to seize the cord of communication with the guard? Alas! it was not on my side of the carriage.

The only thing to be done was to sham sleep, but really to keep my weather eye open and be on the alert to resist a sudden attack. The dingy light favored this scheme.

Minutes passed which seemed hours to me. My foe remained quietly in his corner, ever and anon glancing in my direction.

I began to think it was all fancy on my part. I began to look upon the man as a harmless sort of being—as a peaceable traveller like myself.

What a fool I had been to be so frightened at a man simply because he had addressed me on the platform, and carried a steel paper-cutter about with him.

What more natural than one man mistaking another to be a friend? Of course, having a periodical, it was by no means astonishing that he should wish to cut the leaves.

I grew calmer. I breathed more freely, and my heart ceased to beat at a headlong rate.

Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind, why should the man try the blade? It was for some more deadly purpose—probably to cut my throat. Again a deadly horror seized me.

"A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head;
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumbed and dead;
Black icy horror struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more."

Just then the train slackened its pace, beguiling me into the idea that it was going to stop at some station. I would alight and seek another compartment. To my disgust it was only a false alarm; the train soon resumed its original speed.

Suddenly through the gloom, I saw the man slowly rise from his seat and creep gently towards me.

Now, thought I, the time has come for a fearful struggle for life. It was no fancy after all. My fellow-traveller was a murderer.

As he silently approached, I noticed that he clutched a dagger in his hand. Should I spring forward, or wait until he was close upon me?

I determined to keep quiet, and spring on him the moment he was at my side, and try to wrest the weapon from his hand.

There was little chance for me. The odds were terribly in his favor, for he was a man twice my build, and very powerful. Life was worth a struggle, so I made up my mind not to resign it without a desperate tussle.

At last he stood over me. I felt his breath in my face. The light of the carriage was obscured by his gigantic figure. He was unconscious that I was awake, and biding a favorable opportunity to cope with him.

He raised the murderous weapon. Up I sprang, dashed aside his arm, and dealt him a blow between the eyes, which fairly astonished and staggered him for a few seconds.

All my efforts to obtain possession of the dagger were fruitless.

Huge drops of perspiration slowly coursed down my cheeks as the struggle for life waxed more furious.

All at once a sharp stinging pain in my right arm proclaimed to me that I was wounded. The shock spurred me on to fresh exertions.

Once more we grappled in a deadly embrace. My wound was causing a faintness to steal over me.

The thought that, if I yielded to it, it was all up with me, was too horrible. I should be entirely in the power of the brute. Oh! heaven, what an awful position to be in! Not a soul to help me! I should be murdered in cold blood. In the next day's papers the world would read—"Murder in the Slushytown Express. Awful Struggle!"

Just as I was on the point of becoming unconscious, the madman's arm went crashing through one of the windows. The cold [illegible]

"Or rse it!" growled [illegible] your jaw, will you?" for I shouted at the top of my voice through the aperture in the glass. No one heard. The train continued to dash past hill and dale, over bridges and through tunnels.

Suddenly [illegible] floor of the carriage. [illegible] the window frame.

Slowly [illegible] better. What would be [illegible] I was standing [illegible] the door. Oh, merciful powers! He was [illegible] me.

Once more the train slackens speed. Help is at hand. I am saved! I send up a prayer in my thankfulness. No!—another false alarm. The train still dashes onward.

"Ah! you thought the train was about to stop, did you? Curse you!" and the grasp on my throat was tightened.

The door yields. I just remember my pockets being rifled of their contents—a sensation of falling somewhere, and all was blank.

* * * * *

"We are nearing our destination, sir!"

For some seconds I was dazed. Where was I? Why, on the floor, with my Gladstone bag lying across my chest.

Looking round to see if the murderer had escaped, I saw him quietly seated in his corner, laughing at my extremely undignified and uncomfortable position.

"Well!" he said, "it strikes me you have had an unpleasant dream."

So I had.

A MAN of oyster shells, as large as plates, were discovered by a Tallahassee, Fla., man while digging a well.

Experience of a Well-Known Temperance Worker

Mrs. M. Cator, widow of an eminent physician of Camden, New Jersey, is well known as an active worker and lecturer in the Temperance cause. A few years [illegible] she was a sufferer from weak lungs, and in a very feeble condition. She had become a martyr to neuralgia. Her vitality was almost gone, and her voice was a mere whisper. While in this condition, she heard of Compound Oxygen, from the use of which she recovered for health, and is now conspicuous for her energetic public work in the great cause which she has so much at heart. To a reporter of the press who interviewed her recently, she gave an exceedingly interesting account of her experience with Compound Oxygen, from which we make an extract.

"On inhaling the oxygen" she said, "I felt a new and strange sensation. At once I had relief; not complete, of course, but none the less gratifying. With each day's inhalation I grew stronger and better. I had much to regain, for my lungs were seriously impaired, and my body was greatly emaciated. In three or four months I was a new woman. Now I have a good appetite, and I sleep well. I am very actively engaged in Temperance and Bible work, and I find no difficulty in addressing an audience of two or three thousand people."

A "Treatise of Compound Oxygen" will be sent free by Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, to any one who will write to them for it.

New Publications.

Mrs. Mary B. Dodge, whose short poems contributed to various periodicals, have been read with pleasure by [illegible] as in the press of D. L[illegible] A [illegible] volume of her collected poems which is to appear under the title of "The Gray Masque."

"Woman in Sacred Song," a collection of sacred [illegible] and hymns, with specimens of music, composed by women in all ages, edited by Eva Munson Smith, with an introduction by [illegible] tended to be one of the most queenly of gift books, is announced by D. Lothrop & Co. as nearly ready. Advance orders indicate for it a large sale.

Cassell & Co., 739 & 741 Broadway N. Y., may take praise to themselves for having issued the handsomest illustrated catalogue that has come from any American publishing house this or any other year. It is large quarto in size, thirty-two pages of extra fine enamelled cut paper. Nearly every page of the catalogue bears a handsome illustration, and some of them more than one all beautifully printed.

Anything that will make the acquisition of a foreign language—and particularly German, whose utility and beauty is becoming daily more recognized—easier and less expensive, should be hailed with acclamation. This has been the effort of Prof. Knoflach, of New York [illegible] issuing his "[illegible]," especially intended for [illegible] The system is comprised in a series of lessons in pamphlet form, which contain in a manner as clear as language can make it, everything essential to the student. We think the system a very good one and commend it to our readers. The pamphlets of which there are ten or twelve are issued at the price of 10 cents each number. A. Knoflach, Publishers, Tribune Building, New York. For sale by the American News Co.

"A Song of the Isle of Cuba" is by Joseph A. Nunez of this city who dedicates the work to U. S. Attorney General Brewster. It is the story of a personal visit to that island put in the form of Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." That is the same metre is used in both. While confessing to a liking for poetry, we cannot but say that Mr. Nunez's effort would have more become the free garments of prose. However as the book is evidently intended at the most to secure a success of esteem from the author's friends and acquaintances, it is hardly worth while to go further in criticisms. We could not conscientiously recommend it as either exhaustive, poetic or highly entertaining, but in the matter of material "get-up" paper, engravings, printing, binding, &c., &c., is the perfection of art. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

MAGAZINES.

The Sanitarian for December, among others has the following contents: Pollution of the Upper Ohio and the Water Supply of the Cities and Chief Towns; The Cholera in Europe; National Conference of State Boards of Health; Practical Work Required for Preventing Cholera; National Board of Health; Relation Between Underground Sewerage [illegible] Food Goods; Popular Cookery; Turkey Stuffing, Milk Food; Adulteration of Food and Drugs; Adulterated Flour; Scientific Aspects of the Health Exhibition; Modern Antiseptic Surgery; Cremation as a Safeguard Against Epidemics; Insomnia; etc., etc. Published at 113 Fulton St., New York. Price 35 cents a copy.

NEW MUSIC.

"Sparkling Diamonds" is a collection of new music, for the Sabbath School Gospel Meetings, and the Home Circle by the eminent composer Leonard Marshall. There are some two hundred songs, hymns, etc., in the book of which most are excellent and all good. White, Smith & Co., Boston, Publishers.

From the same house, which furnishes, at the best rates, everything in the way of music, we received the following vocal compositions for voice and piano or organ. "My Queen or Love is the Joy of Spring Time," by C. A. White, introducing a melody from My Queen Waltz; Price 50 cents; Music is the Best Friend After All. Song and Chorus by the celebrated composer J. P. Sweby, Price 40 cents; I've called you Back Again Kathleen; Music by C. A. White, words by Earl Marble; Price 40 cents; Cleveland's Grand March, by C. A. White; a composition above the average in the line of marches, price 40 cents; Mother Fold me in Your Arms, words and music by the author of "Come, Birdie, Come," price 40 cents; Down by the Old Abbey Ruin, by E. Higgins; an easy and pleasant song in waltz time, price 40 cents; Winding up Her Little Ball of Yarn, a catching song and chorus by Earl Marble. Music by Miss [illegible] Holmes, Price 35 cents, and A Friend [illegible] Judas Tomorrow; a good music [illegible] by Miss Polly Hewins; compiled by [illegible] Duncan, price 35 cents.

IN PREPARATION.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful [illegible] will send a copy of the prescription, free of charge. Address, Rev. [illegible] New York, and the [illegible] copy free of charge.

A MOTHER'S DREAD.

The Wonderful Histrionic Developments of a Famous Child Actress.

[illegible] (Chicago World.)

The New York public was surprised a few years ago at the arrest, at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of little Corinne, the child actress. The little girl, less than eight years old, was taken [illegible] and kept in confinement [illegible] order of the Court and [illegible] Mrs. Jennie Kimball, the [illegible] Corinne, who has been known to the public for many years as vocalist and comedienne, has devoted the greatest care to the training and education of Corinne, and the result is a development of natural faculties really phenomenal.

"When did you discover Corinne's remarkable talent?" was asked of Mrs. Kimball.

"I can hardly remember the time when her eyes would not sparkle at the sound of music; she began to sing before she could talk. Before she was four years old she created a sensation and received the prize [illegible] and jacket studded with diamonds, at the National baby show in Boston. Next she sang in a concert given by Brown's Brigade Band, and in 1879 made her debut as Little Buttercup in the Juvenile Pinafore Company. Since then she has sung in opera and played various roles nearly everywhere."

Mrs. Kimball is a lady of fine presence, and when playing at the Boston Museum, was herself known as "Little Jennie [illegible]."

"What has become of the *little* lady?" asked the reporter.

"She has given place to the person you see before you. Like so many others I have grown somewhat fleshy. Indeed I assumed such proportions that I began to fear for my health. Why, at times I would have the most suffocating sensation in my heart; then again my head would be attacked and I have frequently fallen to the floor in a [illegible] fit. I consulted several eminent physicians and they told me I must abandon the stage if I expected or hoped to live. This seemed terrible, for I am devoted to my profession and also to the development of Corinne."

"And yet you appear perfectly strong?"

"And so I am. Why, I have reduced my weight over twenty pounds within three months and I never felt better in my life. If any who are troubled as I was question this, let them try Warner's safe cure, the remedy I used, and they will, I am sure, be speedily convinced of its truth. I believe it is the finest medicine in the world, and any number of my friends to whom I have recommended it have found it as beneficial as it has been to me [illegible] Corinne's health good."

[illegible] fect. The child has so much it and [illegible] she is overflowing with it, on and [illegible] previous instance of such remarkable [illegible] chronicled [illegible] the famous Peg Woffington [illegible] stored in "The Boggs [illegible]."

A BIRD'S WISDOM.—In California the acorn stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes [illegible] ring slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he [illegible] an acorn, which he selects to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by [illegible] who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he would experience [illegible] suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red-wood cone of the [illegible] pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect the woodpecker is [illegible] found is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with nuts, when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

UTILIZING THE MOSQUITO. [illegible] may soon be [illegible] ed—such are the works of science!—to regard even the mosquito as a blessing in disguise. A Cuban physician believes that he has demonstrated that inoculation with yellow fever may be made by the sting of the Cuban day mosquito, and that the fever thus imparted will vary in duration and intensity in proportion to the number of punctures and the quantity of poison retained by the mosquito.

[illegible] results already obtained lead him to think that a form of the disease may be given by one or two mosquitoes, most of which will be free from danger and will render the subject of the operation secure against a severe attack of yellow fever.

A WISE economy in table expenses is favorable to health, and in this way saves time, drugs, expense, and doctor's bills, flesh, strength, and happiness.

Don't neglect your cough! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will quickly cure it and prevent consumption.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly [illegible]
lays Inflamm[illegible]
of the lungs, etc. [illegible] or other [illegible] gans, by one [illegible]
If seized with [illegible]

PERUVIAN.

[illegible] tion or the [illegible] case check [illegible] tle action [illegible] in circulation [illegible]

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a [illegible] sick, nervous, dyspeptic, costive, sedentary and [illegible] Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will [illegible] of pain. It is a [illegible] change of water, [illegible] better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

[illegible] pills. There is not [illegible] thing [illegible] ter and [illegible] ria, Scarlet, Typ[illegible] fied by Radway's [illegible] Ready Relief. Fifty cts.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

SKIN DISEASES,

Boils, [illegible]

Of all kinds, particularly [illegible] ted with great success by Dr. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN [illegible] Worst cases that have resisted all other [illegible]

SCROFULA.

When [illegible] transmitted from parents [illegible] to the [illegible] scrofulous taint [illegible] have been made wretched [illegible] with Scrofula from their youth [illegible] years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

The Great Liver and Stomach [illegible]

DYSPEPSIA.

[illegible] Indigestion, Flatulency, Acid Stomach, [illegible] after Eating, [illegible] positively cured by taking a few [illegible]

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN [illegible]

[illegible] thoroughly, it [illegible] to [illegible] perform its functions [illegible] a disease, and with [illegible] [illegible]

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth [illegible] will be sent.

TO THE PUBLIC.

[illegible] many [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

HARRY'S RABBIT.

BY E. W. P.

HARRY PEARSON was rather a good sort of boy, but he had one very bad habit. He was the greatest stone-thrower in all Tolhurst Village.

It was Harry who had broken the draper's window and the glass of Squire Stopford's greenhouse.

He had not been found out; but he knew well enough he had done the mischief, so when one afternoon, as he was running home from school, he saw a man putting up a great placard announcing that stone-throwers would be prosecuted, he felt very much frightened.

He was just slinking home when out came his father, the Squire's gardener.

Harry thought his father had found out about the stone-throwing, and hung down his head.

But, instead of scolding him as he had expected, his father said, as if he were pleased—

"Harry, Master Edgar is better to-day, and he wants you to come in now and wheel his chair for him."

Harry's face brightened at once; for there were few things he liked better than to be allowed to go into the Squire's beautiful garden when Master Edgar, the Squire's only son, was well enough to come out in his wheeled-chair.

Edgar Stopford was about the same age as Harry; but he had never been strong, and for more than a year he had been ill.

"All right, father!" exclaimed Harry joyfully. "Is he in the garden?"

And without waiting for an answer he ran in and found Edgar Stopford waiting for him.

"Harry," said Edgar, "I want you to take me in the chair round to the stable, for I want to see the young rabbits. How old are they now, Harry? I've been so ill that I can't quite remember."

"Seven weeks old to-day," said Harry. "I want to see them again very much, Master Edgar. They're such beauties; I can't help thinking of them every day."

"You haven't any rabbits, have you?" asked Edgar.

"No," said Harry. "Don't I wish I had!"

"Mine are prize rabbits, you know," said Edgar. "The old tortoise-shell one took a prize both this year and last year at the county show. Oh! Ain't what do you think? A boy I know has been over here for so many times trying to get that young doe! You remember which one, don't you?"

"Oh yes! oh yes! That was the one I liked best of all! It had such good proud ears," cried Harry with enthusiasm. "You didn't let him have it though, did you, Master Edgar?"

"Oh no? He offered me a pair of his best Antwerp pigeons for her. And I wanted the pigeons, but I wouldn't let him have that young doe!" exclaimed Edgar, with a smile on his white face.

"You wouldn't? Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Harry.

"I thought you would be," returned Edgar with another bright smile. "I told him I wanted her for somebody else. Push on, Harry. Let's get round to the stable."

Harry pushed with all his might, while his face flushed up to the roots of his hair; for he could not help thinking—

"I wonder if Master Edgar is going to give that doe to me! But no, that's all nonsense! I won't think of such a thing; of course he is saving it for one of his friends! I couldn't like her, though!"

It seemed to Harry quite a long way to the stable, so anxious was he to get there. At last he wheeled the chair into the yard.

"Fetch out the young ones, and let me have a good look at them," said Edgar. "Bring them out one by one; but bring the young doe last."

"All right!" said Harry. And leaving the chair, away he rushed, opened the door of the stable, where, to his delight, he saw the great hutch and four young ones all hopping about among a quantity of hay.

Harry shouted with joy—

"Oh, Master Edgar! Oh, how they've grown! You won't know them! They're lovely!"

He caught up his favorite first of all, and examined her thoroughly with breathless delight.

She had grown into the most beautifully-marked rabbit that he could imagine.

Even to handle such a rabbit seemed to Harry a very great happiness. What could be like really to be the owner of that young prize rabbit?

With something like a sigh Harry put her down, and caught one of the others.

"I've seen the young doe, and I've measured his ears!" he exclaimed, as he took the other rabbit to Edgar Stopford.

"Well! He has grown!" cried Edgar. "Try if you can push the chair to the stable door! I should so much like to see them all running about!"

Harry managed to do as Edgar wished, though it gave him a good deal of trouble; but he did not mind that a bit.

"Oh, Master Edgar! Did you ever see such a beauty as that young doe? Do look at her!" said Harry, eagerly, opening the hutch door, and making a dive after the spirited tortoise-shell.

The two boys played with the rabbits for a good half hour. How much they found to say about them, any boy who is fond of animals can imagine.

Poor Edgar had not been out for some weeks, and all that time Harry Pearson had not seen those rabbits.

Harry was very happy, but still he could not help saying to himself, now and then, as he looked at his favorite—

"I wonder who is going to have her?"

"You seem very fond of that tortoise-shell young one, Harry!" said Edgar, presently with a smile.

"Ee—yes!" said Harry, his eyes brightening as he looked down tenderly at her.

"But how could you keep her?" asked Edgar.

"Oh, I'd keep her fast enough!" cried Harry, turning quite scarlet, while his heart gave half a dozen tremendous thumps. "I'd keep her! Why I'd make the neatest little hutch that ever was. And I'd give her the best of oats and pollard. Ah, as much as ever she'd eat!"

"Well, then, I shall give her to you," said Edgar. "I made up my mind when I was ill I'd give her to you, for I was sure you would take care of her. That's why I wouldn't let that other boy have her. He is rich, and can buy prize rabbits if he wants them. I'd rather give her to you."

Harry Pearson could not speak a word for a minute or two. He could only look down on the beautiful gift. To think that such a rabbit was his own was too much for him at first.

"Oh!" he gasped, presently. Oh! Master Edgar. Oh! Thank you! Thank you!"

"Put her in that basket, and take her home," said Edgar.

Harry lost no time in obeying this delightful command.

After which he wheeled Edgar, who was getting tired, back to the house, and then ran home with his rabbit, the proudest and happiest boy in Tolhurst.

All that evening there was an eager crowd of youngsters in front of the cottage where Harry lived.

It was a long while since there had been such excitement in the village.

Nor did the boys' interest in that rabbit die out; boys were always dropping in to see how she was getting on; and Mr. Blades, the butcher, who was a great fancier, offered Harry three-and-sixpence for her.

Very often Harry went to wheel Edgar Stopford's chair, when the two boys would have long talks about the rabbit; and Edgar's pale face would quite glow with pleasure as he listened to Harry's praises of the wonderful animal.

So things went on for some time until Edgar Stopford was taken away to the seaside.

Harry missed him very much, but he still had his rabbit to amuse himself with; and so, although it was then the holidays, the days did not hang on his hands until very nearly the date of the re-opening of school.

One afternoon, however, the time did seem very long indeed. Most of the boys Harry liked had gone to a treat to which he had not been asked.

He was cross and dull. He had spent the whole morning in cleaning out the rabbit-hutch; he wanted something else to do, when, happening to be loitering in a meadow by the side of the Squire's house, he saw a squirrel in a tree.

In an instant Harry was cruelly stoning away as fast as he could pelt.

He had not done much stone-throwing since he had had the rabbit; now he forgot for the moment everything except the pleasure of aiming the stones.

Up went the stones one after another; a minute later, and—Crash! Smash went a lot of glass—then there was a yell of pain and rage—a side-door flying open—and Harry tearing, as if for his life, across the field, while after him rushed his own father and his father's master—the Squire!

They followed him; they drove him into a corner of the field; they secured him.

"Walk him off to the police-station this minute!" exclaimed the Squire in a voice of fury.

"Oh, sir! oh, please! please, sir. Oh! oh! Don't, sir! don't! I'll never do it no more!" sobbed the trembling boy.

"Take him to the station-house! Indict him for manslaughter. He might have killed me!" cried the enraged Squire.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Harry's father, "I've cautioned that boy times without number, but leave him to me this once more, sir."

Harry was marched home. His mother was told. She cried bitterly.

"How much money have you?" asked the father.

"Not a—a far—thing," sobbed Harry.

"Then how is the four shillings to be raised to pay for that broken glass?" continued Mr. Pearson.

"I don't—boo-hoo! kn—now!"

"But I do!" exclaimed Harry's father in a tone of dreadful meaning. "That rabbit must be sold!"

"No! no!" shrieked Harry; "I'd rather be sold myself!"

"Take that rabbit to Mr. Blades, and bring back three-and-six," said Harry's father, in a stern voice.

He felt as if to part with that rabbit would kill him; but he knew it had to be done. I don't know how he managed to do it.

What he suffered was terrible, yet he was sure there was no escape; so he put his pet rabbit into a basket and took it to Mr. Blades the butcher.

"You won't kill her, will you, Mr. Blades?" he faltered, for the sight of the knives in the shop was too much for him.

Harry has learned a hard lesson. Don't you hope Edgar will buy that rabbit for him again? I do.

AN OLD MAID'S FAULT.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

"IT'S a tryin' position to be in, and it's worrited me fur a good while, murmured Miss Paulina Pinke, as she dusted the plaster-of-Paris shepherdess and replaced her on the square old mantel-piece in the sitting-room.

"She hates me like pizen, I know, and I shall never be able to stan' it when she comes to be the mistress here, though Leslie, poor boy, don't see an inch before his nose.

"But the worst is, I'm afeared he's a-makin' a mistake in marryin' her at all," continued Miss Paulina, with a sorrowful look in her rather faded brown eyes, for she was not so young as she had been, for some of the brightness had faded from her brown eyes and browner hair.

"I'm sure she ain't the kind of a girl to make any man happy, though she is pretty enough to turn the heads of all of 'em in a lump. But if he does marry her," Miss Paulina went on, "I can go away, that's one comfort.

"I've got a little money saved up, and there's all that old lumber stowed away in the attic—the bedstead and wooden chairs, and the tall old dresser and things that grandmother Pinke had when she first went to housekeepin'.

"And there's the old blue-rimmed china tea-set, I've kept put away in the big chest ever so many years.

"They are all mine, and I'd have quite enough to furnish up a little room for myself. And there's that vacant cabin of Mr. Tarleton's—I'm sure he'd let me have that cheap.

"I'll speak to him the first chance I get. But I won't tell Leslie till afterwards, for he'd never hear to it beforehand, I know."

And Miss Paulina absent-mindedly sank down in the big rocking-chair, with the dusting-brush still in her hand, absorbed in laying out plans for the future.

* * * * *

Tall and graceful, with sloe-black eyes, and glossy braids of jetty hair, with cheeks that glowed like ruby-tinted wine—that was Agnes Tarleton, as she stood beside her tall lover, glancing up into his face with an air of determination.

"There's just one thing about it, Leslie," she was saying. "I never will consent while she is there. I detest old maids, and won't have one of 'em about me."

"But Agnes," Leslie Garnet's handsome eyes looked reproachfully into the sparkling orbs raised to his own, "you don't understand.

"Aunt Paulina has been like a mother to me for the last ten years. And more than that," he added, "she once held an interest in the place; but she gave her share to me, and I promised then to give her a home as long as she lives."

"Well, what of that? You didn't make the promise in writing, did you?" asked Agnes flippantly.

"I pledged my honor," returned Leslie, with unusual sternness. "And a promise is sacred to me. But even if I were not pledged, Agnes, gratitude would compel me to act as I do."

"Very well, then!" Agnes tossed back the satiny braid on which she had been readjusting a bow of pink ribbon. "You have my answer. I will never marry you while she is there."

"Is that your final answer?" asked Leslie gravely, turning to go.

"Yes," she returned shortly.

But once out of her lover's presence, the clouds vanished from the pretty face.

"I know how to manage 'em," she said, a complacent smile dimpling the velvet cheek. "Leslie will find some way to get rid of his troublesome aunt, and then he will be back here to make it up with me."

For she never dreamed he could give her up.

* * * * * *

"What's that, Miss Paulina? What in creation do you want with the ole cabin? Hain't quarrelled with Les, hev you? What? Thunderation! Agnes won't want you here when she's married? Then, by gracious, if I was Leslie, I'd see Agnes in Guinea before I'd marry her!"

And Farmer Tarleton's face grew as red as a turkey-gobbler in his honest indignation.

"But—but he thinks so much of her, you see," faltered Miss Pinke; "and I want him to be happy. I won't let him know till after they're married, though, for he would never agree."

"Humph!"

They were in the sitting-room of the old Garnet homestead—the very room where Miss Pinke had planned out her lonely future, as she dusted the plaster-of-Paris shepherdess.

"I'll tell you what 'tis, Miss Paulina," said Farmer Tarleton suddenly, "though you'd be welcome to the ole cabin, of course—but when Agnes marries, I shall need some one to take her place. Maudy's too young, and—and——"

His evident confusion embarrassed Miss Pinke, who blushed frantically.

"I—I mean—it'll be kind of lonesome after she's gone, Miss Paulina, and if—if you'd hev the goodness to marry me—I need a wife."

It was out at last.

Miss Pinke had stammered her consent, and Farmer Tarleton rode away, his honest face beaming with delight.

* * * * * *

"I must say, I never thought pa would make such a fool of himself as that!" sniffed Agnes, as she imparted the news to her cousin Clementina, who taught the village school.

Clementina was not so pretty as her cousin, being plump and round, like a roly-poly pudding, while Agnes was tall and picturesque, slim as a racer, and haughty as a Spanish senorita.

But Clemmy had a very pleasant face, nevertheless, with merry blue eyes and a saucy nose, which just escaped being a pug.

"I dont see what he wanted to marry anybody for at his age," grumbled Agnes, "much less a horrid old maid like her."

"Oh, Agnes!" cried her cousin, much distressed, "you—you oughtn't to talk so. Uncle has a right to marry, if he wants to, I'm sure. And I think Miss Paulina Pinke just suits him. She's a nice, good woman, too."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to talk!" retorted Agnes, sourly. "It's nothing to you, of course. Though I don't know as I ought to complain. It's a good way to get rid of Miss Pinke, anyway. And now I shall be the undisputed mistress of Leslie Garnet's nice big house."

And the smiles and dimples came back to her cheeks as she brushed out the satiny braids to plait them afresh in case Leslie should call.

But to her great surprise Clementina began to cry.

"How silly you are," declared her cousin contemptuously. "What's the use to cry about it now?"

"Oh, it ain't that!" sobbed Clemmy, blushing at the same time. "It's—it's—— Oh, cousin, after you told Leslie, you wouldn't marry him, he—he asked me, one day, if I would—I said yes."

"What!" shrieked Agnes. "Do you mean to tell me Leslie Garnet asked you to marry him?"

"Y—yes," faltered Clemmy. "And I—I said I would."

Agnes's black eyes shot dagger-like glances at her cousin, but she controlled her wrath by a great effort.

"You little dunce, of course he didn't mean it, and of course you'll give him up, now it's all settled and I've changed my mind again. I'm sure you'll give him up, Clementina," she repeated severely.

"Yes, Agnes, if—if he wants me to," assented Clemmy, sobbing bitterly.

"But he don't want you to, Clemmy, darling; and he never, never will!" said a determined voice.

And through the open door came Leslie Garnet.

He took the small hands in his, and looked into the tearful eyes with a gaze that made them droop till the long lashes almost touched her blushing cheeks.

"Found her, hey?" cried Farmer Tarleton in a hearty voice, as he appeared at the door. "I thought she was somers 'round, so I told myself, 'Less. But where's Agnes?" he asked, looking about. "I want her to come and welcome her new ma."

But Agnes had shut herself in her own room, furious with rage and disappointment.

"It's all that old maid's fault, too!" she pouted. "I hate her worse than ever, and now I've got to live in the same house with her, after all."

But Leslie Garnet never regretted the fate which had bestowed on him a loving little wife, instead of the cold-hearted woman he had first wooed.

A PARISIAN journal has been making some inquiries regarding the number of gaming and gambling clubs in the capital of civilization, and the amount of money which changes hands in them. If the information be trustworthy, it is indeed startling. There are twenty-four of these places in Paris, and between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000 are computed to have been lost there during the last five years. The unfortunate profits of the banks in the clubs are put down at $1,200 daily, and in less select gambling houses at $200. Taking the average at $400 per day, the total for the five years comes out at the respectable figure of $17,000,000. Nearly $12,000,000 are set down as the five years' "pickings" of the bankers and croupiers. Some of these make enormous incomes, and it is certainly well within the mark to put down their receipts at an average of $20,000 per annum. Then there is another half million for the administrators and their staffs.

The most popular actress in Paris possesses a wealth of auburn hair, and would not part with a lock of it for less than a duchy. It is related that two Russian noblemen were among her suitors, and each had hair of the same golden hue as their inamorata. Each begged for a lock of her hair in exchange for one of his own, to which the lady readily assented, but she deftly managed, without touching her own hair, to change the parcels, so that each gentleman received his rival's curl. It is said that the Count now wears the Baron's hair next to his heart, and the Baron sleeps with the Count's scalp lock under his pillow.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot, free. The Elegantly Furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the city. Families can live better for the money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

BLIND.

BY RANDOLPH BARRETT.

Dark—for ever dark, I go
Through this world of want and woe,
Imploring thy sweet charity.
Stay, hurrying foot; O pity me!

No morning ray dispels my night:
I may not see the blessed light:
A dateless dark—a settled gloom,
A foretaste of the coffing tomb.

No glory of a setting sun
Paints my heaven when day is done;
Morn, noon, or eve no solace bring:
Night brooding folds her sable wing.

For me no moon, for me no star
Send their greeting from afar;
I grope to find a friendly hand
To guide me through this weary land.

I lay me down in darksome night:
My dreams are of the heavenly light:
I wake to find that dreams bestow
My only comfort here below.

No more shall manhood's form divine,
Or woman's softer beauties shine;
Childhood's grace, decrepit eld,
From my sightless eyes withheld.

The smile of joy, the tear of woe,
Alike to me may come and go.
The dear old faces I now they pass
Unmirrored o'er my darkened glass.

To help the weary in their strife:
To ease the burdens of this life,
No gift from me, for while I live,
Alas! I take, but cannot give.

Dark—for ever dark, I go
Through this world of want and woe,
Imploring thy sweet charity.
Stay, hurrying feet; O pity me!

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

IMPROMPTU definitions have always the merit of being amusing, whatever may be said as to their correctness.

"What on earth can that mean?" asked Hicks of Thackeray, pointing to the inscription over a doorway, "Mutual loan office."

"I don't know," answered the novelist, "unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to one another."

Said Lord Wellesley to Plunkett:

"One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of 'personal?'"

"Well, my lord," was Plunkett's reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposite to real."

An explanation as suggestive as that of the London magistrate who interpreted a "housekeeper" as meaning "a sort of a wife."

"Pray, my Lord," queried a gentleman, of a judge, "what is the difference between common law and equity?"

"Very little in the end," responded his lordship; "at common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter, an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum."

A New Yorker contemplating setting a lawsuit going, his solicitor said he would undertake the matter for a contingent fee. Meeting Mr. Burleigh soon afterward, the would-be litigant asked that gentleman what a contingent fee might be.

"A contingent fee," quoth Mr. Burleigh, "is this—if the lawyer loses the case, he gets nothing; if he wins it, you get nothing."

"Then I don't get anything, win or lose?" said the questioner.

"Well," was the consolatory rejoinder, "that's just about the size of a contingent fee."

So Brough was not very much out in defining a lawyer as a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

"What is a nobleman's chaplain?" inquired a legal luminary, perhaps over-fond of professing ignorance.

"A nobleman's chaplain," said Dr. Phillimore, "is a spiritual luxury."

It is astonishing how innocent gentlemen learned in the law are, by their own account. Addressing a matronly witness in a breach of promise case, counsel for the defense said:

"I am an old bachelor, and really do not understand such things. What is courtship?"

"Looking at each other, taking hold of one another's hands, and all that kind of thing," was the comprehensive answer of the witness.

An Ohio school committee must have been puzzled to decide which of two candidates for schoolmarmship was the better fitted for the post, the young woman who averred that "respiration" was the perspiring of the body, or her rival, who believed "emphasis" was the putting more distress on one word than another; definitions worthy of a place beside those achieved by the English medical student responsible for "Hypothesis, something that happens to a man after death," and "Irony, a substance found in mineral wells, which is carefully preserved in bottles, and sold by chemists as tincture of iron."

It was an intelligent New York "health officer," who, having testified that his district was afflicted with high jinnicks, being pressed as to what he understood by hygienics, answered:

"Why, a bad smell arising from dirty water."

At one of Sheridan's dinner-parties, the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining "wit."

Forgetting that he was expected to hear and see, but say nothing, master Tom informed the company:

"Wit is that which sparkles and cuts."

"Very good, Tom," said his father. "Then, as you have sparkled, you can cut!" and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished.

Probably a worse fate awaited the Brooklyn boy, who, called upon to explain the meaning of Quaker, wrote:

'A Quaker is one of a sect who never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other, and never jaw back. Pa's a Quaker, but ma ain't."

The youngsters sometimes hit upon very quaint definitions such as: Ice, water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with the juice squeezed out; sob, when a fellow doesn't want to cry, and it bursts out of itself; wakefulness, eyes all the time becoming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it.

Grains of Gold.

Scorn to do a mean act.

True refinement unites strength with purity.

Defect in manners is usually detect in fine perceptions.

A calamity is better borne for not being previously dwelt upon.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give.

He who prays without confidence, cannot hope that his prayer will be granted.

To see the hand of God in the present, and to trust it in the future, is the secret of peace.

Dishonor waits on perfidy. A man should blush to think a falsehood; it is the crime of cowards.

Persons and events may for a time stand between you and justice—it is only a postponement.

To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.

Pride itself is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

He who would live clear of envy, must lay his finger on his mouth, and keep his hand over the ink-bottle.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and you know not how much you may accomplish.

Happiness doles on her work, and is prodigal to her favorite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

Man, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory; and labor, like everything else that is good, is its own reward.

People may make injuries worse by unreasonable conduct, by giving way to anger and satisfying that for the moment, instead of thinking what would be the effect in the future.

Make the boy's home the happiest spot he can find, and he will be sure to prefer it to all other places of resort. Care for the home carpet has driven many a boy to love the sanded floor of the tavern.

If one only wished to be happy, this could readily be accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

As a rule, a man cannot cultivate his moustache and his talents impartially. There's apt to be something askew or deficient in pretty men. They don't do great things any more than flowers do.

Femininities.

A Vermont woman, 80 years old, is a petitioner for a divorce.

A New Hampshire woman is under $2,000 bonds on a charge of robbing her grandmother.

The sharp Boston girl's idea of a bow window is one where she can sit with her beau and not be overlooked all the time by her mother.

The coming rage in hair is a soft and tender red, that of a tomato which has grown old and lost usefulness.

A Duxbury, Mass., woman, 70 years old, climbed a tree the other day to escape from some horses that frightened her.

"Biddy, did you put an egg in the coffee to settle it?" "Yis, mum; I put in four; they wur so bad I had to put in four o' thim."

"Ladies, without distinction of sex," are invited to a mass meeting at Dublin, with a generosity characteristic of the noble Hibernian.

"Aren't you in a good deal of a hurry about getting your storm doors up?" "Not an hour too soon; my wife's mother will be here at noon."

A little boy saw his mother take off her switch one night, and called out: "Oh, mamma! let me take your scalp out in the yard so we can play Indians."

"You say the lady wears a glass eye?" "Yes." "And false hair?" "Yes." "And false teeth?" "Yes." "But her tongue?" "Ah—that is her own!"

In Germany they don't call it the honeymoon. They limit the period of the newly married couple's bliss, and term it the "Flitterwoche," or the spangled week.

A clairvoyanting quack has persuaded Mrs. E. M. Estabrook, of Olean, N. Y., that there is a live snake in her stomach, and she is starving herself to death to dislodge it.

There are in Boston five engineers, four teamsters, one gun and locksmith, six carpenters, thirteen masons, one plumber, four blacksmiths and seven machinists, all females.

Before offering to ring the street car bell for a lady about getting off, look closely at her right hand. If she wears a diamond ring and you pull the strap, she will be your enemy for life.

"Yes," said Mrs. Firegilt, "everybody thinks my new furniture is splendid. It is of the Louis Carthorse pattern, you know. 'Funny name,' Mr. P. says, but I think it's vulgar."

"What, if you please, is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon?" "Well, a honeycomb is made up of many little cells; whereas a honeymoon consists of one big sell."

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict, the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in a few short months changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

The list of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe, in 1600, shows us that she had then only 99 robes, 120 kirtles, 238 gowns, 126 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 30 cloaks, 98 safe-guards, 35 doublets, 15 lap-mantles.

"Poor Hobbs, how I pity him." "What for?" "His wife talks him nearly to death. She's as bad as two women." "I don't see what you base your conclusions on." "Why, she has a double chin."

New Rochelle, N. Y., has an interesting wedded pair who have not spoken to each other for fourteen years, and who are rivals in business. They are each in the shoe trade, and sell shoes in the same block.

The culture of flowers is one of the few pleasures that improves alike the mind and the heart, and makes every true lover of those beautiful creations of infinite love much wiser, purer and nobler.

When one has had a fever, and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

A Kentucky schoolmaster whose wife was one of his pupils, had occasion to punish her one day. The next day the schoolhouse door bore this inscription: "This school closed for one week; schoolmaster ill."

"There's such a rude gentleman dining up-stairs to-day. Missus was a-talking about the Akkademy, and if he didn't tell her as he would see she painted; and so she do every night, but he need not a said so afore people."

A young business man rang up, calling for a gentleman friend. The operator mistook the number, and a lady's voice answered: "Hello, what do you want?" "Well, who are you?" "I'm 70." "You're too old. I want 17." Tableau.

To whiten the hands, take mutton-suet, two ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; powdered benzoin, half an ounce; the yolks of two eggs; Peru balsam, one drachm; white curd soap, half an ounce; olive oil, two and a half ounces; and 20 drops of attar of roses.

If we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth; to make our temper as sweet as our breath; to cut off our peccadilloes as to pare our nails; to be as upright in character as in person; to save our souls as to save our money—what an immaculate race we should become!

Little girl: "Papa, did mamma say yes to you right off when you asked her to marry you?" Papa: "Certainly she did." Little girl: "Why don't she say yes now just as quick when you ask her to do things?" Papa: "Mamma's hearing is not as good now, darling—that's all."

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a baggage train forty miles an hour." "But if you know that she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I held back she would have got madder than ever."

A queer story is going the rounds in England of a row between a lady, who occupies apartments in a Royal palace, and her maid. The mistress soundly thrashed her Abigail and subsequently put her out of doors, it then being midnight. The matter has been "mentioned" to the Queen.

News Notes.

Monkeys are coming into demand as ladies' pets.

New Albany, this State, has a six-footed Maltese cat.

Rhode Island is now the only State with two capitals.

The national debt of England amounts to $3,780,000,000.

Watters is the name of a milkman of Middlebury, Conn.

A clerk in Indianapolis was arrested for embezzling one cent.

Brahma cows—"sacred cattle" of India are in demand in Texas.

A moral catechism for schools is suggested by Goldwin Smith.

From Georgia comes a story of a veritable rooster that lays eggs.

Three Lynn, Mass., ex-policemen are paupers at the almshouse.

Siberia with her 4,000,000 population has only two newspapers.

Nearly 9,000 watches are made every day in the New England States.

Wisconsin will send to the next session of Congress a 28-year-old member.

A machine gun to fire 600 shots a minute was lately exhibited in London.

The Metropolitan Underground Railway of London runs 1211 trains a day.

The United States uses three times as much paint as any other country.

Two negroes have been taken from Tennessee as converts to Mormonism.

A certain Mississippi justice of the peace presides with his coat and shoes off.

Paper is now used in Germany instead of wood in manufacturing lead-pencils.

A Connecticut tramp, who has spent 7 years in jail, stole a cow to get back.

In Mexico it is unmannerly to eat anything outside of a house—even candy.

The English people, it is calculated, use $2,808,000 worth of blacking every year.

Ohio is credited with having more colleges than any other State in the Union.

A cat valued at $500,000 mewed artistically at a recent cat show in London.

The day schools of the city of New York have 120,000 pupils, and the night schools 12,000.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bill, of Omro, Wis., are the unhappy parents of triplets. See small bill.

The next President will have one distinguishing quality. He will be the youngest one since Grant.

A Wisconsin man is said to take a teaspoonful of kerosene daily as a preventive of rheumatism.

A Pittsburg crank sells a guide book to Heaven, with a map of the eligible lots in the New Jerusalem.

The overhead wires in New York city, in straight lines, would extend from San Francisco to London.

The recent election cost St. Louis, on an average, a fraction over 50 cents for every vote cast in that city.

To escape compulsory military service nearly 20,000 young men have left Prussia during the past six years.

Russia has in its town of Syzran a man whose age is said to be made out by undisputable evidence at 127 years.

The dog has had his day, it is said; the cat has at last usurped his place as the ultra fashionable household pet.

An American who advertised on the fences of Paris, was fined $20 for "annoying the population of the public."

There is an eternal fitness in most things. A man in Buffalo by the name of Ovens is a wholesale dealer in biscuits.

The West has developed a new cynosure in the person of a 12-year-old boy, said to be a "wonder of fluency."

As a sample of good guessing, Congressman-elect Gibson, of Maryland, said he would get a majority. He got 202.

Twelve out of the twenty-seven translators of the new version of the Old Testament have died since the work began.

French coppers, which have for many years done duty for the English penny, are now being refused by English postoffices.

Importations of birds for the Christmas season are now heavy, since the custom of giving live birds for presents increases every year.

In one week this season 20,000 barrels, and in another week 17,000 barrels, of New England apples were shipped to Great Britain from Boston.

A writer on the habits of birds says: "One fact sometimes ascribed to man is, in the case of birds, a literal fact—they can sleep with one eye open."

There are 1404 dust-women in England and Wales, who spend their lives in raking over heaps for what gain they may find. And they do the work.

A Chicago horse-car conductor did not run his car to suit his passengers, so four of them rose up and cast him out and rode the rest of the distance at their ease.

A brass street-band wandered into a cincinnati park the other day, and after playing three hours without either being paid or kicked they discovered they were serenading an institute for the deaf and dumb.

A JAPANESE LOTTERY.

THE Japanese lotteries and auctions which one encounters upon the streets at night are especially interesting to foreigners.

I went to a confectionery lottery last evening, and laughed until the tears rained from my eyes at the droll sights there presented.

An immense crowd was gathered about a booth where gay lanterns and a painful attempt at music attracted the ear and eye. Approaching the front I found that a man was selling tickets in the simplest form of a chance enterprise in connection with his regular business.

He was yelling vigorously in a monotonous tone of voice, and offering the tickets at one sen each.

As fast as those gathered around him would hand the required sen he would hand back the ticket, which contained a certain number printed upon it, and also at the same time a cooky. Thus those who made the expensive investment got something in return for their money, even at the worst.

I waited for some time, until the numbers had all been given out. Then the man turned to a big wheel, which I had not noticed before, and gave it a furious turn by means of a crank. This was accomplished by as awful a flourish as if upon the act was to hang the fate of nations. This wheel contained in a circle all the numbers which had been given out. It ceased revolving at last and a certain number was seen to be at the bottom.

At this all the people gave a shout, and a young man came forward and produced the fortunate ticket. The proprietor turned to a shelf behind him, and very solemnly produced a piece of sponge cake about ten inches long and two inches wide. The boy marched off quite pompously with his prize, amid the tumultuous acclamations of the throng. Of course it all seemed very childish to me, but I supposed the hold which the simple enterprise seemed to have upon the people was due to the element of chance, which exercises the same iron sway over men the world around. N. O.

An exchange says: There are more puns made on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge than are paid for by the owners. A good thing deserves the notice of the press.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Every Christmas we make the little folks a Christmas present. This year we have surprising presents in every home we will send every boy or girl free of charge, if you will send 20c. for postage, &c., 3 Pretty Dolls with beautiful Double features, one little boy and two girl dolls with a complete wardrobe of 32 pieces, dresses, hats, shoes, &c., the elegant gilt bound floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, fruits, scrolls, &c., 3 lovely Christmas Cards, one pretty Birthday Card and a Map, Holiday Book. A. L. BABCOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

FREE HOLIDAY PACKAGE.

To introduce our goods and secure future trade, we will send you (free of charge) if you will send 20 cents in stamps for postage, etc., 3 pretty Christmas Cards, 3 also New Year Cards, 3 lovely Birthday Cards, a beautiful Gilt Bound Floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, flowers, fruits, etc., a handsome Floriographic Album of all the Presidents of the United States with autograph signatures of each, also, Our New Illustrated Holiday Book. U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn.

LADIES
PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and Sure Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts.
Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE, Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness for all. This handsome book of 180 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chromo Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit all for 15c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

216 SCRAP PICTURES.

30 Designs for Fancy Work, 2 large French doll Heads, 10 Beautiful Embossed Motto Reward Book. All for 10 cents (silver). W. M. SIXTH, 7 Warren St., N. Y.

YOUR NAME on 50 all Hidden Name and Embossed Chromo Cards 10c.; They are gems; 6 packs and Set of Gold Ring Tricks, 10 packs and Four Blade Pearl Handle Knife $1. Agent's Outfit 10c. Address Hub Card Co., Boston, Mass.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the Poor. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious **bronchial and pulmonary affections.**"

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

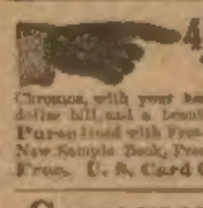
Sold by all druggists.

$16 BREECH-LOADER
Guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action, Bar (Front Action) Locks. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Only $16. Our Famous Number 11,
$15 MUZZLE-LOADER NOW $12
Send stamp for Illustrated catalogue of Guns, Knives, Watches.
P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

FREE TO ANY LADY

reader of this paper who will agree to show our catalogue and price list of Rubber Goods to their friends and try to influence sales for us. We will send you free, post-paid two full sized, LADIES' GOSSAMER RUBBER WATER PROOF GARMENTS, as a sample, and one of our handsome Colored Covers 64 page Catalogues with wholesale price list showing how you can make a nice profit right at home. Send 20 cents for postage, packing, &c., (stamps or silver taken.) Cut this out and send it to
B. A. BABCOCK & CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.



40 CARDS,
"EMBOSSED BEAUTIES,"
Chromos, with your name, 10c., 13 packs for a dollar bill, and a beautiful Imported Velvet Purse lined with Fine Mirror, Free. Agents' New Sample Book, Premium List and Price List Free. U. S. Card Co., Centerbrook, Conn.

Gossamer Garments Free!
To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods and try to influence sales among friends, we will send post-paid two full-size Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Wearing Apparel as samples, provided you cut this out and return with 25 cents to pay postage, etc. Warren M'f'g Co., 9 Warren St., N. Y.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.,
A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.—I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article used by the sporting fraternity to WIN with in games of chance. Send for illustrated circular. Address EAT SUYDAM, 64 and 67 Nassau Street, New York City.

Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.
Large Ill. Catalogue free. Address Gem Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SOLD AND NOT WEAR OUT by watchmakers. Pat. Ideal Pt. Cleveland Lever Co. 28 Day St., N. Y.

SALARY Paid Local or Traveling Salesmen to sell our Kitchen Specialties to the trade. State salary wanted and address The Clipper Mfg. Co. Limited, Cincinnati, O.

PERSONAL Single Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to form each other's acquaintance, can self correspondents and learn of something to their advantage. Send stamp for particulars. Lock Box 110, P. O. New Haven, Conn.

THE VERY BEST PRESENT
YOU CAN MAKE A FRIEND IS
A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION
—TO—
"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

Only 12 Cts for 3 French Dolls
WITH AN ELEGANT WARDROBE OF 32 PIECES.

Consisting of Reception, Evening and Morning Dresses, Bonnets, Street Costumes, Cloaks, Hats, Hand Satchels, Sun Umbrellas, Music Portfolios, Overcoats, Sailor Suits, Military Suits, Drums, Street Jackets, Watering Place Suits, Travelling Costumes, Dress Suits, &c. These Dresses and Suits in this Elegant Wardrobe represent Nine Different Colors, and they are lovely beyond description, several being from Designs by Worth, of Paris. There is One Little Boy and Two Girl Dolls in Each Set, with Pretty Faces and Life-like Beautiful Features, and their Wardrobe is so extensive that it takes hours to dress and undress them in their Different Suits. Every Child and every Mother that has seen them go into ecstacy over them. Children will get more real enjoyment out of a Set of these French Dolls than out of articles that cost $10. Every person that buys them sends immediately for more. A Lady writes us that her Little Boy and Girl played for five long hours with a Set of these French Dolls, and they felt very sorry indeed to think that they must stop and eat their supper, and if mothers only knew how much amusement there is in these Dolls they would willingly pay double the price asked for them. Sample Set, consisting of Three Dolls with their Wardrobe of 32 Pieces by mail for 12 Cts. Two Sets, Six Dolls 64 Pieces for 20 Cts. 13 Sets for $1 you get 78. 27 Sets for $2.00, you get $5.24 for them. Fifty Sets for $3.00, you get $6.00. 200 Sets by express $6.00 you get $12 for them. Any Little Boy or Girl or any Agent, male or female, can sell 100 Sets every day. If you do that you make over $25 a week. If you send for one or two Sets we will send our Secret Method and Full Directions how you can make more than One Hundred Dollars a month off of these Dolls. You have not one day to lose, as each day's delay is so many dollars lost to you. This is an opportunity almost too good for you to lose. These Dolls are Gems of Beauty. ADDRESS P. O. AVERY, BOX 32, WILLIAMSBURGH.

THE BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $300 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

Popular Songs ONE CENT Each.

1	Baby Mine.	112	Old Man's Drunk Again.	343	Sweet Chiming Bells.
4	Pile Him.	121	Kiss me, Mother, Kiss Your Darling.	352	Yellow Rose of Texas.
5	Old Cabin Home.	124	Old Log Cabin on the Hill.	371	Sweet Hello Mahone.
7	Old Black Joe.	130	Coming Thro' the Rye.	380	You'll Miss Me, When I'm Gone
9	Home, Sweet Home.	161	Must We Then Meet as Strangers.	387	Sancre in the Air.
12	See that my graves' kept Green			399	Carrie Lee.
19	Nancy Lee.			413	Boys Keep Away from the Girls
23	Old Folks at Home.	145	Mollie Darling.	429	A Violet from Mother's Grave.
24	Sweet By-and-By.	147	My Daughter Julia.	447	Mary's Gone with a Coon.
25	Who, Emma.	177	Sweet Evangeline.	456	Joe Bowers.
28	You'll Remember Me.	185	Don't be Angry, Darling.	460	Over the Garden Wall.
30	When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home	189	Darling Minnie Lee.	508	Mother Says I Mustn't.
45	Poor Old Slave.	224	Come, Birdie, Come.	523	Only to See Her Face Again.
47	My Old Kentucky Home.	243	Farmer's Daughter.	548	Peek-a-boo.
56	Gipsy's Warning.	243	O, dem Golden Slippers.	586	I'm Dying for Some One to Love Me.
100	Kitty Wells.	255	Little Brown Jug.		
110	Take Me Back to Home and Mother.	264	Hush my Darling, Do Not Weep	595	When the Robins Nest Again.
		267	Little Nell of Narragansett Bay	606	I'll Await, My Love.

We will send ten of the above Songs, YOUR OWN SELECTION for TEN CENTS, 25 for 15 cts., or the whole lot, 80 songs, for 25 Cents. VALUABLE Catalogue of 600 other songs, Books, Cards, Watches, BREECH LOADING Guns, Revolvers, Trick Games, and AGENT'S GOODS Sent Free with 10 or more songs. Address HOME MUSIC CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Free to All! A GOLD WATCH, LADIES WORK BOX.

The publishers of the Capital City Home Guest, the well known Illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the holidays: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible before January 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch worth $25. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive an elegant Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person send 25 cents with their answer for which they will receive FREE, prepaid, three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST," and an Elegant Lady's Work Box with their name beautifully inscribed on the cover. Each box contains 1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 8 Christmas Cards, 8 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide," containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is $1.50, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all prepaid for 25 cts. Publ'rs Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

And now it seems prize-fighters must not fight,
Because they break their heads, the law, and peace
The sluggers swear it's neither just nor right
That legislators say their blows must cease.

In these hard times when many bruisers make
The art of bruising their chief aim and care,
They are dependent on the tempting stake
To meet their wants and get their daily fare—
For though they may have food and cash to spare,
Yet slugging's aye a "hand to mouth" affair.
—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Yellow fever—Love of gold.

A good fit—A fit of laughter.

A magazine article—Gunpowder.

A commercial traveler—A merchant vessel.

Men who usually have deep views—Divers.

The man who is right on time never gets left.

Strage stuff to be filled with—Amazement.

Book keeping taught in one lesson—Don't lend them.

Proper costume for an elopement—A cutaway jacket.

"You make me tired," said the wheel to the wagon-maker.

Samson was really indebted to his hair for his mane strength.

"Mamma, why is papa bald?" "I am his fourth wife, darling."

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wannold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WANNOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00.
SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE.
100-page Catalogue for 10 cents.
NATIONAL TYPE CO., Phila'a, Pa.

10 CENTS WILL BUY
218 Scrap Pictures, 1 copy Tennyson's Poems, 20 Fancy Work Designs, 1 Beautiful Prism, 100 Album Questions, 24 Magic Tricks. All for 10 cents silver.
F. S. AVERY, Box 82, Williamsburg, N. Y.

Beautiful new stitches on cloth, 10c.; ten elegant Samples Patchwork Silk, 10c.; Embroidery Silk, 2oz. pkg. SILK CO., North Haven, Conn.

50 Splendid Chromos with name, 10cts.; 3 packs and Rolled Gold Ring 50c. E. H. Parker, New Haven, Ct.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

THE
SECRET SINS OF SOCIETY.
A book that should be read by every father and mother, husband and wife. It opens the eyes of married and single to facts that all should know. It treats of abuse of the sexes, male and female alones, physiology of marriage, courtship, love—how to win it, and how to guard against its dangers, woman's follies, fascination, homes of sin, origin and cure of disease, married and single dangers, and how to guard against them, etc.; 400 pages beautifully printed and bound. Price, $2. H. LEWIS, 1141 S. Broad St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

Sawing Made Easy.
MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

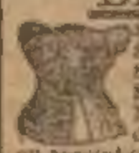
SENT ON 30 DAYS' TEST TRIAL.

For logging camps, wood yards, farmers getting out stove wood, mill men cutting cordwood, etc. It is portable, durable and simple. Runs easy. Immense saving of labor and expense. Write for elegantly illustrated catalogue in 4 brilliant colors, also brilliantly illuminated poster in 5 colors. All free. Agents Wanted. We want a man in every county.
MONARCH MFG CO., (A) 202 State St., Chicago, Ill.

CARDS. 50 Best Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Name, Type, 150 Inscriptions for Autograph Album, 10 New Games, 100 Other Things, 6 months, a price list of the Ills, 6 Pkts and Pearl Ring free, for 25c. Agents wanted. *Nelson Card Co., Waltham, Mass.*

AGENTS WANTED.—It will pay persons wanting profitable employment to write for extra terms for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books, Bibles and Albums. to National Publishing Co., Philada., Pa., and Chicago, Ill.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

DR. LINQUIST'S

Spinal Misses' Waist,.....$1 75
Spinal Corset,..... 2 00
Spinal Nursing Corset,... 2 25
Spinal Abdominal Corset, 2 75
Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted.
Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortune awaits the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

DIVORCES ABSOLUTE DIVORCES without publicity for persons residing throughout the United States, for desertion, non-support, intemperance, cruelty, incompatibility, etc. Advice free. State your case and address Attorney Ward, World Building, 125 Broadway, N. Y.

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10c. Capital Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

100,000 HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
Everybody who sends as directed gets a present worth from 20 cents to $500.

The proprietor of the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST being desirous of having the already well known and popular paper more widely circulated and introduced into homes where it is not already known, has determined to carve off all profit this year, and in addition use a portion of his capital for the sole purpose of increasing the circulation to 100,000 copies. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before the following plan has been adopted by us:

For 50 Cents we will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST regularly to you 6 months on trial and immediately send a numbered receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following presents. If any one of these two receipts they will be sent for 1c., and their subscription will be entered up six months. This offer is good only till January 1, 1885.

List of Presents to Be Given Away.

10 U. S. Government Bonds of $50	$5,000	1 Pony Phaeton	$100
10 U. S. Greenbacks of $20	200	1,000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	1,000
10 U. S. Greenbacks of $10	100	1,000 Gent's Pocket Knives	1,000
1 Nickel-plated Columbia Bicycle	150	1,000 U. S. Greenbacks of $1 each	1,000
1 Grant Square Piano	800	20 Ladies' Gold Watches, English Movement	800
1 Genuine Cabinet Organ	250	20 " " " American "	800
1 Three-cent Rocking-chair	200	20 Boys' Silver " American "	200
1 Silver Plate Service	100	5 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	400
5 Top Buggies	1,000	2 Patent Harvesters	1,000
20 U. S. Greenbacks of $50 each	1,000	2,827 Elegant Art Gems	1,000
3000 Autograph Albums, $1 each	3,000	5 New Style Parlor Suit Furniture	1,000
2 Village Carts	200	1,000 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains, and 22,631 other presents, valued from 20 cents to $1,	

making a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 cents. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. The 50 cents which you send us is the very lowest price for three months' subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the present. Our profit will be in your future patronage and the increased rate we will get for our advertising space. Your Subscription Free. Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send you the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST for three months and one numbered receipt for each of your subscribers, and one extra for your trouble. No postponement. Send ten subscribers and we will send you 12 subscriptions and thirteen receipts. FOR 60 DAYS ONLY. This offer will hold good for sixty days only, as we shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions at an early date, as in no case will they be received later than January 1, 1885. THE ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST is the best and ablest edited paper in the country and already has a circulation of 25,000 copies, and only requires 75,000 more to get the desired number. It contains eight pages.

Read How You Can Get This Elegant Gold Watch For 50c.

500 GOLD WATCHES FREE!

In making up the above list of $30,000 in Presents, we decided to reserve $500 to be divided equally among the first 500 subscribers received. If you send 50 cents you will be entitled to one receipt good for one present, and if your letter is among the first 500 received you will be entitled to this beautiful watch. We will print in full in the February issue of the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST the names and addresses of the winners of the 500 Gold Watches. This offer is bona fide and will be carried out to the letter. Send now, don't wait. The ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST is so well established, having already 20,000 subscribers, and is backed by ample capital, so that everyone of our subscribers may be sure of getting what we promise. Indeed we could not afford otherwise with a paper that has already secured 20,000 subscribers on its merit. Undoubtedly some who read this new departure will think an offer to give away a valuable presents is most unreasonable and unprofitable; but let us say to all such persons that it costs anywhere from $2,000 to $50,000 to secure a large circulation to a paper. We know of a publisher that spent $40,000 in one week in giving away free organs and advertising his paper, and the money was well spent, for it secured for him an established circulation that paid good interest on the investment. Publishing newspapers must either be done on an extensive scale or not at all. It costs just as much for matter, and just as much for illustrations, electrotypes, editorial services, rent and for setting up the type for a paper of 5,000 circulation as it does for a paper with 50,000 circulation. On small editions, each one of the above items swells the cost of a single paper alarmingly, but on very large editions, the expense is spread over so many papers that it is almost entirely lost; thus you can see that large profits can be made only by doing a large business. This is precisely what we propose doing with the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST.

We will send a printed list of the Awards Free, and all Presents will be forwarded as Hundreds of Receipts as they may direct. Our Old Patrons and Subscribers, whose we number by the thousands, should at once go to work and help us to increase our list, by this grand and generous offer.

Only 50 Cents secures the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST three months and one receipt good for one present. One number of the paper is worth double the subscription price. As to reliability we refer to those who know us in every Bank or Mercantile Agency.

☞ REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. (2-Cent Postage Stamps taken. Money in sums of $1 or less may be sent in an ordinary letter at our risk; larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter or Postal Note, and addressed ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST, 162 LaSalle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE!

IN order to secure new customers, we will send 100 Choice Embossed Pictures, 4 German Dolls' Heads, 1 Elegant Birthday Card, 8 Imported Chromos, 25 Pretty Album and Reward Cards, 1 Album of 50 Colored Transfer Pictures, 100 Selections for Autographs, Albums, 10 Odd Games, 6 new style Red Napkins, 1 Pack Puzzle Cards, 1 Pocket Book. All the above goods for 25 cents. Address Warren Mfg. Co, 2 Warren St, N. Y.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS!

3 Elegant French Doll Heads, 1 Elegant Gold Plated Badge, 15 Pleasant Games, 1 Pocket Book, 216 Scrap Pictures, 100 Album Quotations. Send 10cts. silver to SILVERWOOD & CO., Box 68 Williamsburg, N. Y.

50 Enameled Chromo Cards for 25c., name on, 2c. Present with each p'k. Potter&Co, Montowese, Ct.

FREE, 50 GOLD MEDALS, LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS AND HONORABLE MEMBERSHIP TO THE PUBLIC HERALD'S ROLL OF HONOR

There are (including Canada) 50 States and Territories, and the first $1.00 subscription received by us from each of these fifty sections of country will entitle each of the fifty lucky senders to a Gold Medal by registered mail, also THE PUBLIC HERALD free, to the day of their death—be it one or one hundred years—and membership to THE PUBLIC HERALD'S "Roll of Honor." We hope the fifty fortunate subscribers will reach us before Jan. 1st, 1885, in time to call the Roll in the first number of THE PUBLIC HERALD.

Annually, thereafter, on each birthday of THE PUBLIC HERALD, we shall, editorially, call the "Roll of Honor," to see how many—like Napoleon's guard—still hold out. So hurry up the first subscription from your State, and secure the Gold Medal and find a place on the "Roll of Honor" and a *life-long treat to good literature*, as well as the lasting supreme satisfaction of having it said, for a lifetime, that you were the first in your State to recognize a good thing, and which no money can purchase.

And this idea has set us to wondering as to who the successful parties may be? In what town or city does each now reside? How many will be males and how many will be females? What their respective employments? How many born in this country? How many of the same surname? How many married? How many single? How many will live to old age? How many die in their prime? How many, after the first call of the "Roll of Honor," will answer to their names? How long shall we be able to keep the list unbroken? How many marriages will it be our pleasure to record? How many will reach high positions of honor and trust? Now, who shall have the honor of being first of all in the United States, and first on the "Roll of Honor?" and who first of all from his or her individual State or Territory?

At the call of the "Roll of Honor," we shall publish the likenesses, and record in brief whatever events of general importance each member may furnish us with, connected with his or her own personal history.

The first number of THE PUBLIC HERALD will appear January 1, 1885. The enormous edition of (500,000) *half a million* specimen copies will be issued. No other paper is known to have ever issued so large an edition. (Advertisements of responsible firms only will appear in the paper.)

The cost of white paper alone for the first number will exceed $5000.00. While THE PUBLIC HERALD will be the same size as *Harpers' Weekly*, the subscription price will be but $1.00 per annum; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents; sample copies, 10 cents. Every $1.00 subscriber will at least receive, THE PUBLIC HERALD one year and a CHRISTMAS PRESENT worth at least 50 cents in the stores.

The name of L. Lum Smith, editor and proprietor PUBLIC HERALD will be sufficient guarantee that the above promises will be strictly adhered to, and that care, expense, originality, executive and editorial ability, will not be lacking. The bright, polished and sparkling literary gems which are being carefully collected from numerous rich mental minds, may be aptly compared to diamonds of the first water. Like our bodies which grow by clean and nourishing food, so shall the minds of the readers of THE PUBLIC HERALD grow. Pernicious and sensational journalism, frauds, and corruptors of our youth, will be as fearlessly fought and prosecuted by THE PUBLIC HERALD as they have been for eight years by THE AGENTS' HERALD, and by its publisher, L. Lum Smith, from the lecture platform. The above unique and original heading of the PUBLIC HERALD will satisfy you that we are in earnest.

Send in your subscription at once—not next week, not to-morrow, but to-day. See that you enclose $1.00 in cash, stamps, money-order, or postal-note.

A year's subscription to THE PUBLIC HERALD and a present worth not less than 50c., with a chance of securing a Gold Medal. THE HERALD for a lifetime, and membership to the "Roll of Honor," all for $1.00. If you wish to make friend or relative an acceptable Christmas, New Year's, or anniversary present, subscribe for THE PUBLIC HERALD in their name. Address

PUBLIC HERALD,
706 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE are a great many elegant new bonnets and costumes which are said to be exclusively designed for holiday festivities.

A dinner on that national holiday certainly ought to be better relished in all the pomp and grandeur of embroidered velvet costumes, and real duchesse lace flchus fastened upon snowy bosoms by ornaments set with glittering gems.

It is true that all the bountiful boards the coming week will not be thus made doubly attractive to admirers of artistic taste in dress, but many of them will be, and at those the readers of the POST shall take a peep, if, in the imagination, they will follow the writer to one of the fashionable mansions uptown, where a well preserved matron of forty-five is seated at the head of the table, surrounded by a bevy of young beauties from sixteen to twenty-one years of age—her daughters and nieces.

The matron's toilet is composed of dark green velvet, manufactured on the best Lyon looms, and is relieved by bands of peacock feathers upon the plain and ample drapery and around the Pompadour corsage.

Her complexion is dark and brilliant and her figure full and rounded into plump proportions.

Over the bosom of the Pampadour corsage is drawn a film of black Brussels net, finished at the bottom with a massive ornament made from peacock plumage.

Around the throat is a band of green velvet ribbon, fastened in front by a diamond dagger.

Her hair is still as black as it was at twenty-five, with no signs of gray threads interningled, and is arranged very high upon her head in a loose twisted coil, adorned with a silver filligree butterfly.

From this picture let us turn to a fair young blonde niece, who is acknowledged stylish and handsome, although looking a trifle stiff and uncomfortable in a costume of embroidered bison cloth, having a groundwork of pearl tint, and embroidered in large purple pansies, a rolling collar and vest is of purple velvet, and sleeves and drapery trimmed to match.

A trio of feather pansies are fastened at the throat upon the high corsage, and a corresponding cluster arranged in her golden hair at the side of the left ear, where the coil of braids is fastened.

There is no jewelry or other ornaments, except finger rings and an odd pair of torquoise bracelets.

Next let us go down near the foot of the table where a short, little dumpling sits beside her dignified papa, encased in a robe that squeezes her surplus flesh into moderate dimensions.

She is a demi-blonde and wears heavy bangs, has a face as round as an apple, and is just eighteen this month.

She has a spick span new dress to be thankful for at the Thanksgiving board, and it is composed of a Russian blue embroidered India silk—a little airy for the season, it is true, but it must be remembered that this toilet is exclusively a house or evening tout ensemble.

It is designed in a manner difficult to describe, but has an artistic effect in its combination of colors embroidered upon the surface.

There are no set figures or flowers, but a mixture of different styles of both running in a harum scarum tracery over the ample folds of drapery.

The body is of the plain goods, since her plump figure would not allow a figured material over the waist.

It is a commendable art that teaches a lady when to, and when not to, wear figured or plaided fabrics for basques and waists.

It is only a natural consequence that figures or plaids apparently increase the size of the person wearing them. Therefore they should be avoided by full figures and adopted by extremely slight ones.

Her hair is arranged in the back so as to give the appearance of "shingled" locks. This feat is accomplished with the aid of innumerable hair-pins of the "invisible" size, and the hair being spread around over the head in the most ingenious manner of concealment.

This gives the impression, when a back view is taken, that the charming young lady has suddenly developed into a boy, and so rather necessitates the sterner sex to keep "right about face" with this aspirant to boyish notoriety.

The most "aged" of this group of young people is twenty-one, and a decided brunette, with eyes very black and piercing, a tall, rather slight figure at the waist, with full developed bust and high shoulders, in keeping with good proportions and well-shaped.

Her toilet is the perfection of art in most of its details, but the color for her complexion is simply execrable.

It is a delicate tint of blue satin, fawn-colored velvet trimmings.

Of all things a brunette of her type should avoid pale blue. A brunette, with exceptionally clear skin can venture a light blue, that is, if they are so much enamored of it that they must be unhappy in its absence from their outfit.

But the peculiar complexion of the young lady in question forbids any such experiments, and at once suggests the thoughts of a large black fly floating upon the surface of a pale of milk, so forcibly does it show up dark brown skin.

It is a great pity that those who have the wherewithal to dress as they please cannot have the good sense and taste along with money to array themselves becomingly, and show their wisdom, if they are blessed with such gift, in the selection of tints best suited to them.

If this young lady had chosen a combination of steel-gray and garnet, instead of pale blue and fawn, her tout ensemble would have been as near perfection as mortal woman can attain.

The pointed basque fits her trim form to a dot; the graceful looping of the drapery in long swelling folds at the back and hips, is faultless, the high corsage fastened at the throat with a ruff of real duchesse lace, could not be improved upon; but the terrible lack of judgment and good taste in regard to colors more suited for her is painfully evident.

It seems a shame to mar that pretty picture at the dinner table by portraying the faults and shortcomings of the little company in the details of their dress, and it would not be a truthful picture without such showing of defects, and it is as well sometimes to tell those seeking information upon the art of dressing what to avoid, from the representation of the bad taste of some ladies, as it is to put everybody in the most exquisite toilets just suited to them, as it is seldom one can comprehend just how badly a woman can be made to look simply from a mistaken choice of colors, until the hideous picture confronts them, either by coming in contact with the living personification of such bad taste, or by a pen and ink description of it from those who have noted the effect.

But it will soon be time for displaying ball and reception costumes and the marvelous conception of Parisian designers for evening dinner parties and "socials," which latter gatherings consist more of dancing and flirtation than social converse, for which they are supposed to be gotten up more especially.

The introduction of ecru, "mushroom," white, and the palest possible cafe au lait tints to share the popularity pure white has so long enjoyed, for the evening, is one of the salient features of the winter fashions here as well as in Paris.

Beside the fact that these hues are very generally becoming to both dark and fair women, much may be said in favor of them on the ground that they light up well, and in a mass furnish a warm, though subdued note of color.

Heretofore these tints have been generally reserved for day wear. From the palest fawns the liking extends, for dinner dresses notably to "moudore" or golden brown.

Beautiful toilets have been made by the leading Paris and New York houses, showing this color in Sicilienne or soft faille, heavily ribbed and velvet brocaded with rich designs in "frise" velvet.

One such gown has a coat of mail of "mondore" beads forming the cuirass bodice, and a glittering tablier of the same, flashing with prismatic gleams, laid over the skirt, which is of the new soft-ribbed silk dubbed "Bengaline."

The train is of sumptuous velvet brocade, the satin ground somewhat lighter in color than the velvet figure.

It is a court train and has the appearance of being quite detached from the skirt.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

SO much information about everything is now so easily obtainable, that there is little excuse for enduring many of the small domestic worries to which housekeepers and others are often subjected.

Why, for instance, need any one be inconvenienced by damp cupboards, when we read that a bowl of quicklime placed therein will speedily absorb the moisture? Some of us are nervous about beds not being well aired, and yet we have only to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water and put it into the bed, pressing the bolster and pillows round it in a heap.

By this simple contrivance, it is comforting to learn, no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if this done once every two weeks.

It is not frequenters of restaurants only who wonder why the simple precaution of throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pan—said to prevent odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc.—is not oftener observed.

Cooks are further reminded that in roasting meat, salt should not be put upon the joint before it is put in the oven, as salt extracts the juice; and that lime-water will improve the condition of old potatoes in boiling.

Eggs could be purchased with greater confidence if the German method of preserving them by means of silicate of soda was generally followed.

A small quantity of the clear sirup solution is smeared over the surface of the shell. On drying, a thin, hard, glassy film remains, which serves as an admirable protection and substitute for wax, oil, gums, etc.

Economy in housekeeping would be facilitated by the better observance of what are known in common parlance as wrinkles. For example, why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin?

If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

It is worth recollecting that bar-soap should be cut into square pieces, and put in a dry place, as it lasts better after shrinking.

If we wish to keep lemons fresh for some time, we have only to place them in a jar of water and change it every morning.

In selecting flour, we are advised to look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, we should buy it; but if it is white with a bluish cast, or with black specks, we should refuse it.

Broken china can be mended with a useful glutine made with a piece of old cheese mixed with lime; and the wooden palings of the garden may be preserved from the weather by coating them with a composition of boiled linseed oil and pulverised charcoal, mixed to the consistence of paint. In this way wood can be made to last longer than iron in the ground.

If we consult our health, we should plant the garden with odoriferous plants such as wall-flowers, mignonette, and other old flowers and herbs, which have a remarkable power of developing ozone and purifying the atmosphere from miasmatic poisons.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws if rubbed with a little soap are easily driven into hard wood.

The same household commodity, of a fine white quality, if rubbed over new linen will enable it to be more easily embroidered, as it prevents the thread from cracking.

A deal of breakage amongst glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp-chimneys, tumblers, and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which common table-salt has been added.

Boil the water well, and then allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material, sprinkling with alcohol, and rolling in newspaper, commencing with the paper and crape together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material. Allow it to remain so until dry.

A better plan for removing grease-spots than by applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirit of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it.

Every schoolboy is not aware that ink-spots can be removed from the leaves of books by using a solution of oxalic acid in water; nor does every housemaid know that "spots" are easily cleaned from varnished furniture by rubbing it with spirit of camphor.

The elasticity of cane-chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new, if none of the canes are broken.

Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp-oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth.

When the white pianoforte keys become discolored, we should remove the front fall, and slip of wood just over them; then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a white cloth slightly damped with cold water, and dry off with a cloth slightly warm.

Should the keys be sticky, first damp the cloth with a little spirit of wine or gin. Soap or washing-powder must not be used.

It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger-marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans.

A teaspoonful in a basin of warm water will make hair-brushes beautifully white; but care must be taken not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface. Rinse them with clean warm water, and put in a sunny window to dry.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new.

Correspondence.

I. M. G.—There is no such passage in Scripture as cleanliness is next to godliness; it is attributed to John Wesley.

D. M.—Very good style of handwriting. You might take more care in the formation of the letters, and practice copying from good models.

W. B.—Let things take their course. Try and get acquainted with a friend of the young lady's, and let the friend introduce you to her. You can then prosecute your suit.

B. V.—1. It is considered very dangerous to remove moles. Let them alone. 2. Take all the out-door exercise you can, and partake freely of nourishing food. 3. No.

COUNTESS MAY.—Jenny is a nickname of Jane, or John, the feminine of John, meaning, "the grace of the Lord." Annie means "gracious," Hester "secret," William "defending many," and Bernard "Bear's Heart."

E. Q. H.—1. It looks as if he wished you to think he cared for you. 2. None whatever. 3. "Pros and cons" mean argument "for and against" any statement. 4. Certainly not, unless you have forgiven him, and wish to trust him again, as to which you ought to be very cautious.

LOUISA.—To cut glass without a diamond scratch the glass around the shape you desire with the corner of a file or graver; then, having bent a piece of wire to the same shape heat it red-hot and lay it upon the scratch, sinking the glass into cold water just deep enough for the water to come almost on a level with its upper surface.

SINCERITY.—Truth is truthfulness in assertion, of course; but something more than that is meant. Truth, as we understand the term, includes all facts, all the subject-matters of knowledge or possible knowledge, whether at present known or unknown. Therefore there may be inquiries for truth, investigations into truth, explorations of truth.

L. J.—Hair could probably be bleached white by a process similar to that used for feathers—i. e., first pass through hot dilute soap bath to remove grease, rinse, and immerse in a dilute solution of potassium bichromate slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid. The latter must be used with great care, as it will produce severe injury to the hands. After treatment, rinse and dry.

F. D.—Distilled water may be readily obtained by fixing a curved tin tube, three or four feet long, to the spout of a tea kettle, and conducting its free end into a jar placed in a basin of cold water and enveloped with a wet towel. It is mawkish to the taste, but this is easily corrected by pouring it from one jar to another for ten or fifteen minutes, so as to involve in it a quantity of atmospheric air.

G. F.—Read very carefully any poem that pleases you, and then try to repeat to yourself the first verse. If you succeed, try the second, and so on until you have recited the entire piece. Then try a prose article, and repeat each paragraph until you have memorized the whole of it. You will be surprised to find how readily the memory may be improved by the daily exercise of that great faculty.

JOE B.—The matter is one for self-discipline. Try to think less of self, and take more philosophical views of things in general. Do not think of effects and consequences and impressions. Live less for appearances. If you thought less of those things habitually, you would not be so much moved by matters which do not concern others as they concern yourself. There is no physical treatment for the trouble: but you can cure it if you set to work resolutely to be more decided in action, less solicitous to impress others favorably.

S. J. B.—If you are earnest and able you will succeed, but it is as well to remember that the conditions of success are three:—First, work; second, concentration; third, fitness. Labor is the genius which changes the ugliness of the world into beauty, and turns the greatest curse into blessing. The young man who has learned to work has solved the greatest of the problems that lead to success. Many limbs of the law wait for some chance to distinguish themselves, but the chances never come. To succeed the young man must make the chances.

L. B. M.—Somnambulists are usually persons of nervous temperament, and the phenomena you refer to are generally induced in them either by some violent excitement, or oftner by a morbid condition of the stomach, late suppers or indigestible food. Some writers advise that a wet cloth or a tub of water be placed before their beds, on or into which they may step; but others think that such a course is fraught with danger, or likely to prove injurious, if not fatal, on account of the shock the person experiences. We advise you to consult an experienced physician without delay.

INQUIRY.—We think children should be treated as such until they grow out of childish ways. Neither force them forward nor keep them back. The worst kind of forcing is to make companions of them. Much harm is done by accustoming children to the conversation and habits of adults of their own sex. It is better to keep them among children, and govern them wisely. When the age of boy-manhood or girl-womanhood is reached, endeavors should be made to secure the confidence of the opening mind and to direct it wisely. Neither too great severity nor extreme laxity of home-discipline is desirable. We do not know when boys began to speak of their fathers as the governors; but, when they did, they began to go wrong. There are no words so true an honest and good as "father" and "mother."

FORSAKEN.—What a tangled skein of life, or lives! The first mistake in all such cases is the beginning of difficulties, and what follows is the inevitable confusion consequent on the original error. However, the past is not to be recalled. The question of the moment is what to do. Little, if anything, will be gained by separation now, so far as you are concerned. The only course seems to be to appeal to the good feeling of the most recent troubler of the strange state of affairs which has been established. Is there any good feeling to which you can appeal? We doubt it; but you might try. In any case there does not seem any way out of the mess; and, that being so, you will have to bear it. We do not understand what is that is threatened, and therefore cannot tell whether or not there be any ground for the threat. All courses are bad in such a case; the only consideration we can entertain in the attempt to offer counsel in the emergency is, which is the least bad and least undesirable? This being so, it seems almost better to put up with anything rather than be thrown out on the world at a time when it is probably too late to begin again.